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THE AIR IS ALIVE with fliers bound on desperate errands of rescue or exploration or sheer adventure over wide seas and unknown, frozen stretches of land. The Southern Cross, carrying two Australians and two Americans, has winged its way 3,138 miles across the Pacific from Honolulu to the Fiji Islands, less than two days after making the long leap from San Francisco to Hawaii. A Boston girl, Amelia Earhart, with Wilmer Stultz, pilot, and "Slim" Gordon, mechanic, is flying toward London in a three-motored Fokker monoplane. And two French fliers, Captains Arrachart and Rignot, have left Le Bourget for "somewhere in India," hoping to break the long-distance record established by Chamberlin and Levine on their trip from New York to Germany last summer. All this is done in the name of sport, with just enough admixture of scientific interest to give the desperate hazard some color of common-sense. The route to Suva in Fiji was the most perilous of all—3,180 miles over the South Pacific with no possible landing-places but two small patches of coral rock protruding a few feet above the surface of the sea. The fliers scorned all suggestions that they take some safer course to Australia, such as one leading over the Samoan Islands, 2,500 miles from Honolulu. With extraordinary courage and skill they put to their credit the longest flight by man over water, landing with but one gallon of gasoline left in their tanks.

WHILE THESE MORE SPORTING ENTERPRISES are on the wing, a group of fliers are gathering at Kings Bay, Spitzbergen, prepared to scour the air above the frozen waste that has swallowed Nobile and his companions of the dirigible airship Italia. The icy North which has devoured so many explorers is not yet ready to admit its conquest. Two planes, piloted by Lieutenant Luetzow Holm and Captain Riiser-Larsen, both of Norway, are expected to fly from Kings Bay within the next few days; the rescue expedition of Captain Amundsen is being actively planned; and an Italian plane from Milan is about to fly to Spitzbergen to join the search. Meanwhile dogs and sledges and experienced Arctic hunters and Alpinists are preparing to grind slowly over the ice in an intensive search of the land areas on which the Italia may be stranded. The week's news of exploits in the air makes us draw a long breath and prepare for a summer of suspense and frequent disaster. Until man has more nearly conquered the air, we need not begin to worry lest life become too humdrum and secure.

ON THE EVE of the Republican convention the revolt against Mr. Hoover grows. His defeat in the West Virginia primaries is not to be explained either by any popularity of Senator Goff or by Mr. Hoover's lack of funds. It was a direct and unqualified defeat. The farm rebellion grows and is taken seriously by metropolitan editors who at first were ready to dismiss the whole affair with a sneer. Nor is the availability of Calvin Coolidge as clear as it was before the farm-bill veto, although many leaders are working underground for the renomination of the President. The difficulty is that outside of the White House there is no real challenger to Mr. Hoover save Governor Lowden, upon whom the Eastern opponents of the Secretary of Commerce are unwilling to combine. Meanwhile, from the West comes alarming news for the Republicans. Al Smith, so Republican correspondents report, is certain to carry Wisconsin and also Missouri. Both are Wet States; both have a large Roman Catholic vote. The Republican Party, which has so often declared that it alone is fit to rule, is divided and disheartened, faced with the prospect of nominating a man anathema to Republican agriculturists and far from acceptable to the liberal elements. For this in large measure the masterly inactivity of the White House is responsible. If Mr. Coolidge is finally called on to take the lead and refuses to do so, he is likely to see the waning of a great deal of his unearned party popularity.

THE HIGH RED WALLS OF PEKING, which have seen so many conquering armies—Tartars, Manchus, allied Europeans and Japanese—are looking down on the tramping files of weary but exultant soldiers from South China. Chang Tso-lin, chief of the Northerners and representative of the Old Guard in China, has retired to Manchuria; and the Nationalist armies have at last entered the city which for eight centuries has been China's capital. It is a moment of high hope for China, but also of grave responsibility. For the Nationalists, unified in their respect for the memory of Dr. Sun Yat-sen and his "Three People's Principles," have within their own party the same disruptive elements that have kept

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the Republic of China in turmoil for seventeen years. More than once when victory seemed in their grasp they have fallen into intra-party conflict. Even today there are plenty of cynical foreigners to predict that the three chief military leaders—the Christian general, Feng Yu-hsiang; the model governor of Shansi, Yen Hsi-shan; and the young Southerner, Chiang Kai-shek—will squabble for the spoils of Peking. But the victory is not theirs alone. It is a victory for thousands of nameless preachers of the Nationalist gospel, for T. V. Soong of Harvard and the others who have introduced a new order into Nationalist finances, for C. T. Wang of Yale and the men who with him have organized the railroads behind the Nationalist lines—a victory for Young China, for the earnest, educated new generation. Even Manchuria is longing for the coming of these new Nationalists. What will they do with their opportunity?

BEN BESS, A COLORED MAN, has just been released by the State of South Carolina, after serving thirteen years of a life sentence imposed for criminally assaulting a white woman. He was lucky, of course, to have escaped death at the hands of lynchers—the case seemed clear, the woman testified to his guilt. But recently on her deathbed she confessed that the man was innocent, and that the charge had been brought against him solely because he had refused to continue to rent some land to the woman and her husband. Ben Bess has been discharged, but he is destitute and has been robbed of thirteen years of his life. There being no law in South Carolina to reimburse him, that admirable newspaper the Columbia *State* is taking up subscriptions for Bess—a generous and praiseworthy act. In New Jersey Edward Purtell, who had been held without bail on the charge of murder and highway robbery since June, 1927, has been released from prison because the authorities are now convinced that he had nothing to do with the crime. The justice who discharged him said: "It is unfortunate that you were indicted for this crime, and that you now have no redress. It is sometimes necessary to make such a mistake to attain justice. I am very sorry such a thing happened." Unfortunately, justice is increasingly blind because of the lawlessness and weakness of police authorities. Too many of the States are still without laws compensating the victims of the blindfolded goddess, and they go without any compensation for the frightful wrongs done them.

THE FEDERAL RADIO COMMISSION has listed among fifty minor stations which it proposes to put out of business on August 1 WEVD, the Eugene V. Debs Memorial Radio Station in New York City. Essentially a free-speech station, it has been giving its time and the use of its apparatus to liberal and radical organizations which have found it impossible to get a hearing through any of the other stations. In fact, WEVD is the only transmitting station which has allotted to the Socialist Party its rights under the federal radio law. To abolish it now is to strike a grave blow at free speech as well as at legitimate propaganda for unpopular causes—unless the commission makes arrangements with some other station to offer to these minority groups the opportunity to use the air which comes to all the more conventional. The law provides that licenses shall be issued on a basis of "public necessity." Whose necessity—the majority's only? We are tending in this radio field toward a dangerous monopoly, and the Radio Trust is becoming more and more closely identified with the Power Trust. Has it not just been brought out at Washington that Mr. Aylesworth, the president of the National Broadcasting Company, controlled by the power companies, was formerly a propaganda chief for the National Electric Light Association? We urge all of our readers who are interested in this vital problem of getting facts and information from all points of view before the public to write to the Federal Radio Commission, Washington, D. C.

THE ATTORNEY GENERAL OF MASSACHUSETTS, Arthur K. Reading, now joins the list of high State officials who have been pronounced guilty of wrong-doing. In a forty-nine-page report a special committee of the Massachusetts Legislature has just declared that Mr. Reading "wilfully, wrongfully, and completely prostituted his official power and influence for the purpose of securing benefits to himself." The committee recommends that he be impeached by the Massachusetts Senate in that he has "brought the administration of justice in this Commonwealth into discredit and disrepute and defamed the dignity, integrity, and authority of the office of Attorney General." Specifically, Mr. Reading is charged with having taken a $25,000 check from the Decimo Club of New York as the price of protecting it from prosecution, and deceiving his official associates, the public, and also a Deputy Attorney General of New York as to his relations to the club and his employment by it. In the case of the United L. A. W. Corporation also the committee finds that Mr. Reading took money improperly. Yet this is the same Attorney General who so ardently upheld the conviction of Sacco and Vanzetti, who denounced their defenders as dangerous Reds, and swore by all that was holy that Massachusetts justice was incapable of being misled or doing wrong. Were Sacco and Vanzetti all he held them to be they could not have injured the State one one-hundredth part as much as he has by the sale of his office and authority. He is the dangerous anarchist and the traitor; he the guilty, they the innocent.

PRESIDENT GENERAL MRS. ALFRED BROSSEAU of the Daughters of the American Revolution comes back from her presentation to the King and Queen at Bu k-ingham Palace to express surprise at the criticism launched against her organization and its blacklist. Especially does she disapprove of the remarks made by the Rev. Harry Emerson Fosdick, who charged the D. A. R. with squandering "their national inheritance" and with wasting the precious patrimony of "our social securities, our spiritual faiths." Mrs. Brosseau is quoted in the New York *World* as proclaiming that "no divine has a right to criticize the D. A. R. from the pulpit." Not only must we refrain from speaking ill of war and militarism, from opposing capital punishment or child labor; the word has now gone forth that we must—or, at least, ministers of the gospel must—hold sacred the Daughters of the American Revolution themselves. This ruling alarms us. Only the other day a brand-new organization, the Sons and Daughters of the Blacklists, born of *The Nation's* recent Blacklist Party, received its papers of incorporation, duly signed by Judge Thomas C. J. Crain of New York. The society is incorporated:

> To poke fun good-naturedly at all those individuals and organizations which are so fearful of the future of these United States that they prepare black or other colored lists and use other radical methods to destroy the rights of old-fashioned conservative Americans guaranteed

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under the free-speech clauses of the federal and State constitutions.

Will Mrs. Brosseau presidentially decree the S. D. B. in contempt of the D. A. R.?

NEXT TO REDUCING the amount of candy eaten in this country (probably an impossibility) the best thing we can think of is to improve the conditions under which it is made, and this has been done for New York City, at least, by its Consumers' League. Last winter the League made an investigation, noted in our issue of March 28, which revealed the prevalence of dirty methods in New York factories and a tendency to overwork and underpay the workers, mostly women. Even in the busy season wages were found to be $11.75 to $13.75 a week. The Consumers' League did not simply publish these facts and then drop the subject, which is what usually happens after such inquiries. Neither did it seek a remedy through impossible or probably futile legislation. Instead it resorted to a "white list"—a means that has been effective in other industries. Fifty-seven firms out of about 200 approached have been put on the list. Only ten of these were originally up to the League standards; the others improved conditions in order to qualify, forty-one raising their beginning wage. The League exacts a minimum wage of $14 a week and various hygienic and sanitary standards. Copies of the candy "white list" may be had by addressing the League at 289 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

YELLOW FEVER KILLED 4,056 persons in the single city of New Orleans in 1878. In that year Hideyo Noguchi was a baby, just learning to walk, in Japan, and Japan's first Parliament had not yet met. But when Dr. Noguchi died the other day, yellow fever was an uncommon tropical disease and Dr. Noguchi was one of the leaders of a world republic of science. He came to the United States at 23, when Dr. Walter Reed and his heroic associates were subjecting themselves in Cuba to tests which, at the cost of the life of Dr. Reed's colleague, Dr. Jesse Lazear, proved conclusively that the disease was carried by a mosquito. The record of Dr. Noguchi's work is long—among other things he discovered a bacteria-free vaccine for smallpox and isolated the causative organism of infantile paralysis. Then he set himself to discovering a cure for yellow fever. We had learned by sanitation to keep the disease down; once the curse of every tropic port, it had been virtually wiped out of South America. But no cure was known. It had long been suspected that West Africa was its native home, and that the infection spread to America in the water-jars of the early slave ships. Dr. Noguchi, with a group of scientists from the Rockefeller Institute, went to West Africa to find out and, if possible, to develop a serum against the dread disease. They made progress; they found a species of monkey which contracted the disease when inoculated with virus from a human patient, and the solution seemed at hand. It is at hand; it will be found; but three of the leaders in the work will not be here to hail it. Dr. Adrian Stokes, Irish-born and trained, died of yellow fever in West Africa last September; Dr. Noguchi and his colleague, Dr. William Alexander Young, an American, died last month. European, Asiatic, North American —fighting on the African front against a plague that has done its worst in South America—they were prophets of a new era, soldiers of a new kind of international army.

ALEXEI MAXIMOVICH PYESHKOV, sixty years old, has returned to Russia. His reputation, made under the name of Maxim Gorki during the last thirty-six years of those sixty, has been earned not only by a succession of important short stories, novels, and plays but by a series almost as long of letters and miscellaneous writings concerned with the struggle of the Russian people to be happy and free. Few writers of such gifts have spent so much of their energy in social warfare, and few have emerged so handsomely. Few, certainly, have put the whole matter in better words than Gorki, who once declared

> I would that everyone who wears a human countenance were really worthy to be called a man. All this life is senseless, tragic, and hateful in which the endless slaving labors of one man constantly go out to supply another with more bread and more spiritual substance than he can use.

"Gorki" means "the bitter one," and the author of "The Lower Depths" has amply lived up to his name. And why should he not have been bitter, considering that he gathered rubbish from the streets of Nizhni Novgorod when he was ten, left school after the third grade, served as cobbler's apprentice, errand-boy, draftsman's assistant, longshoreman on the Volga, and ship's dishwasher at a time when most boys are safe at home, and that he wandered in his formative years among the masses of the Don Province, the Ukraine, Bessarabia, Odessa, the Crimea, and the Caucasus? He knew Russia, and his books have been full of Russia—not the most savory Russia, either, but the Russia which it was necessary for the world to know. He is a great and humane realist, and we wish him the success of his brilliant career as he proceeds with his new novel, which is to deal with the liberated Russian peasant.

A REMARKABLY ABLE JOURNALIST and a singularly fine personality disappeared from earth with the death of Charles Edward Montague, who was for more than twenty-five years chief editorial writer of the *Manchester Guardian*. A liberal of the old Manchester type, Mr. Montague believed the World War to be all that it pretended to be. When forty-seven years of age he dyed his gray hair black and enlisted as a private soldier, scorning rank or title. For eighteen months he served in the trenches, during which he was three times mentioned in dispatches for gallantry. He was, of course, far too intelligent to come out of the war else than disillusioned. His disappointment he set forth in 1922 in a remarkable volume, "Disenchantment." Yet his disenchantment did not carry him far enough to eschew war altogether, although he had been part of its horrible filth and obscenity. He came out of it still believing that war might be sacred; he had no sense of the inviolability of human life; he would not have refused again to disembowel his "enemy." But he did devote himself to writing against war. His latest novel "Right Off the Map" is a masterly picture of how wars come to pass and how people are shepherded into them by the "little groups of men" that are called governments. His chief literary success was his novel, "Rough Justice," which also dealt with some of the horrible sides of war. In this he said that Jesus was right, but, "I am for denying him, honest, *this time*, and fighting it out, and then, when we are out of this hole, we might see what could be done"—the philosophy that keeps the world in war's shambles. Yet Mr. Montague helped to make the world's finest daily the great moral leader that it was—save in World War time—and is.

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Thank God for Congress!

THE first session of the Seventieth Congress plowed through an amazing amount of business, enacted important legislation, and performed a patriotic service of historic significance in exposing more of the malodorous mess of the Harding Administration.

The Republican Party had a safe majority of 35 votes in the House of Representatives, but the Senate was almost evenly balanced. When the session opened, indeed, the Democrats had one more vote than the Republicans, but at the close the Republicans stood one vote ahead, due to the higher death-rate among the Democratic Senators. Fortunately for the country, however, there is a group of independents within the Republican Party who refuse to follow the party whip, so that when the Democrats could be held in line for decency there was no danger of a routine party majority carrying the Senate.

It was the application for seats by Vare and Smith which opened the session. Each had an undoubted majority of the votes in his State; and corruption had undoubtedly been used to gain the nomination for both. It may be argued that it is a safer policy to permit the voters to elect corrupt men if they will than further to centralize the structure of the Republic; but the Senate was within its Constitutional right in refusing the men their seats, and the spirit behind their exclusion was obviously abhorrence of the methods by which they had won election.

Just as clearly, however, as in this the Senate was seeking decent government, the House followed the lead of the Old Guard in voting down two measures looking toward its own reform. One was the Norris Constitutional amendment to change the date for the convening of Congress and to abolish the "lame-duck" session which follows the election. That session is always a fertile soil for grab-bag legislation—men who know that the voters have repudiated them have no hesitation in repudiating the voters. Senator Norris's proposal passed the Senate for the fifth consecutive time; but the House, which had never before even brought the measure to a poll, failed to give it the necessary two-thirds vote. Similarly, despite the plain instructions of the Constitution the House failed to pass a reapportionment bill. Its membership is still based upon the 1910 census.

The Mississippi Flood Control Act and the Muscle Shoals Bill were, perhaps, the two outstanding achievements of the Seventieth Congress. The Flood Control Act passed the Senate unanimously. Oddly enough, it was a La Follette Progressive, Mr. Frear, who fought most vigorously for the economical modifications recommended by the President; and while the bill as passed was far less changed than most Coolidgeites believed, the modifications were undoubtedly an improvement. Too warm a Congressional heart opens the way for the pork-barrel boys.

Like the Farm Relief Bill, which the President vetoed, and the Muscle Shoals Bill, the Mississippi act was in a sense a healthy expression of a sectional awakening. The farmers—the South and the Middle West—are boldly, and properly, demanding that the Government be conducted in their behalf as well as in that of the industrial Northeast. The McMaster Resolution in favor of immediate downward revision of the tariff, which, surprisingly enough, was carried by the Senate by a vote of 54 to 34, was another expression of the same insurgent spirit.

The battle royal of the session concerned the public utilities; and here both houses showed an encouraging degree of independence. For ten years the Power Trust has kept the waters of the Tennessee River useless and the government's war-time investment at the Shoals idle. The final passage of a bill satisfactory to both houses was the almost single-handed achievement of Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska. Year after year he has fought off private grabs; and one by one he has converted his colleagues to his own view that the power must be used in the public interest. The final bill was, of course, a compromise, but it was better than had seemed possible; it passed the Senate 43 to 34, and the House 211 to 146. It is not Congress's fault if the President permits it to die unsigned.

On the other hand, the Boulder Dam Bill, while it passed the House, was filibustered out of a vote in the Senate. Its ardent proponent, Senator Hiram Johnson, however, obtained a right of way for it at the next session, and the necessary votes are in sight. The reactionaries in the Senate did not dare come out flatly against Senator Walsh's proposal for an investigation of public-utilities financing and propaganda, but they succeeded in having the investigation taken out of the Senate's hands and turned over to the Federal Trade Commission, where they hoped it would expire unnoticed. The public, however, is awakening to the amazing activities of the utilities propaganda committees, and they are not likely again to be so effective in opposing Muscle Shoals and Boulder Dam.

Congress's investigations speak for themselves. Let those who sneer at Senatorial inquisitions recall that without them Daugherty, Fall, and Denby might still be in office; Sinclair would still have Teapot Dome and Doheny Elk Hills; the gigantic corruption in Pennsylvania and Illinois would remain secret; Hearst might have fooled the country into accepting his forged "Mexican" documents at face value; there would not be the scant hope there is - day of reforming the oil industry, nor any hope of civilizing soft coal. Men who sneer at such achievements expose their own inner natures. It might be better if we had a Department of Justice capable of doing the work; but in the era of Harding and Coolidge, Daugherty and Sargent, we say "Thank God for the Senate!"

There were other substantial achievements. Congress first squelched the Administration's million-dollar naval schedule, then neglected to pass even its revised quarter-million-dollar program. It refused to heed the President and retained the estate tax, though in most matters it docilely followed the great Andrew's lead. It passed a long-delayed German-American claims bill; but its record in foreign affairs was marred by its stampede when, faced with a false report of the murder of an American in Nicaragua, it refused to set a limit to executive usurpation of the war-making power in that unhappy country. It passed a much-needed measure for increased pay for night postal workers over the President's veto. Few Congresses show a longer record of conscientious hard work.

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The "New Tammany"

GOVERNOR AL SMITH saw nothing wrong in coming to New York the other day and having himself reinstated as a sachem of Tammany Hall. He does not go back on his friends, or pretend to be above his origins. The frankness and sincerity which have made him a consistent Wet, both in his own actions and in his public stand, are still his when it comes to his old-time political associations. He probably realizes that he could not deny that he has always been an ardent Tammany man if he would. Nevertheless his accepting another term as sachem when he is about to be nominated for the Presidency shows no little courage. Grover Cleveland often had to defend himself because Tammany voted and worked for him, though he, being from Buffalo, was not a member of the Hall. Al Smith probably believes that as he will be attacked as a Tammany man whatever he does he may as well be frank. It has been Al's greatest asset that he was always downright and outspoken—until he became a candidate.

It is, however, unfortunate for the Governor that, at the very moment when his nomination seems assured, scandals have been revealed which have made it clear that if there appears to be a new Tammany it is only because no one has of late been delving authoritatively into what Tammany is doing. *The Nation* has never regarded Tammany as anything else than a society held together "by the cohesive power of public plunder." It does not recognize that there has been any essential change in Tammany's character. As we have said before, it is true that Tammany no longer gets its chief revenues from the petty gamblers, the prostitutes, the saloon-keepers, the cheap grafters, or the criminals whom it used to license to prey upon the community. Outwardly it is more respectable and it has made the city appear so. New York streets are vastly cleaner than in the early nineties before the reform administration of Mayor Strong; street-walkers have been banished, and the saloon is no more. But grafting goes on, as has appeared in the Street Cleaning Department, in the $150,000,000 defective school-building scandal, and in the milk scandals. As we write a ninth employee of the Street Cleaning Department has been suspended; in the Bronx section of the city pay-roll thefts of $26,790 in three months have been unearthed, and this is only the beginning. So alarmed is Mayor Walker—who was picked by Al Smith for his job—that he has called all his cabinet together and demanded that they eradicate the graft from their departments, without loss of time.

As for the Queens Borough sewer and paving scandals, where graft running into the millions of dollars has been uncovered and the Borough President been compelled to resign, much has been made of the fact that Governor Smith at once appointed a special investigating officer, and that the Queens organization is entirely different, bless your innocent heart, from its much more virtuous Manhattan sister. All of which is bunk. The Queens grafters were of the Tammany type and its staunch allies. They have always supported Smith and Walker, or any one else named by the Hall for high office. Nor is it possible to imagine that merely because nothing approximating the Queens scandals has as yet come out in Manhattan all is pure within. Let anybody read M. R. Werner's new history of Tammany Hall and then ask himself whether an organization with such a fearful record is likely to turn over a new leaf merely because Al Smith became Governor and a more respectable person than Croker or Murphy head of the Hall.

New York abounds in petty court judges who ought themselves to be at the bar of justice. Its police force, tremendously augmented because of the traffic problems and the after-the-war Red scare, is anything but perfect. Not a week goes by that innocent persons are not viciously abused or shot down by the police. Their brutality is constantly attested by judges and other responsible authorities. The Court of Appeals has just freed another innocent man who spent six months or more in the "death-house" at Sing Sing because of a "confession" tortured out of him by the police. For these offenses—usually defended by Tammany's commissioners of police—no one is ever punished, not even the policeman who last week shot two innocent taxicab drivers believing that they were bandits.

As far as Tammany is concerned Governor Smith is out of luck. Everywhere out West there appears the most intense dislike of the idea of putting a Tammany Hall sachem into the White House—a sachem, moreover, who thus far has had nothing to say about the street-cleaning scandals, who never opens his lips when Tammany steals elections and alters the ballots in the good old Tammany fashion. Al Smith has been a fine Governor of New York, but that has not put him where he wishes to read the riot act to Tammany for its wrong-doing or is in a position to do so. As Norman Thomas, the Socialist candidate for the Presidency, has just pointed out, Governor Smith has vetoed most of the laws designed to make election frauds more difficult, has refused the request of the Citizens Union for an effective prosecution of the milk scandal, and has never found his voice to say anything about the third degree, the transit scandal, or the failure of the city administration to do anything with the housing problem except to put it into politics. Much as they admire his record at Albany, most independents will want some assurance as to his Tammany Hall connection before they help him into the White House.

Dictators and Investors

A FEW months ago two high officials of the Bank of France, M. Quesnay and M. Rist, arrived in New York for a brief visit, during which they carried on confidential discussions with Federal Reserve authorities and with certain leading Wall Street bankers. Although no statement was given out as to the object of their errand, it was an open secret that they sought the aid of American capital in an $80,000,000 Rumanian loan proposed and negotiated by the Bank of France. The task of the Messrs. Quesnay and Rist was, indeed, not an easy one. For three years past, successive Rumanian governments have vainly tried to obtain an international loan for their politically and financially disorganized country; there was no financial center in Europe where official and unofficial mediators had not been unsuccessfully peddling Rumanian loan propositions. But investments which are financially unsafe may sometimes be politically attractive. The French Government, jealous of the ever-growing Italian influence in Rumania and desirous of strengthening French domination in the Balkans, evidently decided to rush to the help of France's Eastern ally and the Bank

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of France proceeded to negotiate a stabilization loan for the Rumanian Government. Messrs. Quesnay and Rist discussed the necessary preliminaries with English, Dutch, and German bankers before coming to New York to persuade Wall Street to participate in the proposed $80,000,000 issue to the extent of $20,000,000.

No announcement has been made as to the result of their American visit. But no sooner had they concluded their negotiations than certain financial organs of the American press began to expound the advantages of investing in Rumanian bonds. Mr. C. W. Barron published two long articles in the *Wall Street Journal** voicing his enthusiastic approval of the probable Rumanian loan. One might reasonably expect that Mr. Barron, whose opinion is taken seriously by a host of investors, would offer a careful analysis of Rumania's conditions. The fact is that no Rumanian super-patriot, no Byzantine Rumanian journalist, has ever written a more unmeasured panegyric of Rumania. Mr. Barron said, for instance:

> Everybody has a legal right to vote in Rumania, but half the peasants cannot yet read or write. Therefore, there is naturally less independence of action, and the government people have a greater influence in the elections than in a country where everybody can read and write. In Rumania leadership is more closely followed than in a more broadly educated democracy. . . . There is, of course, a political party in opposition, as there must always be in a democracy . . . and with this . . . the name of Ex-Prince Carol is sometimes allied in the public press. But he is really a political myth . . . and has no following. . . . In Rumania . . . every man is a soldier and every child will be more or less a reader, thinker, and a creator. . . . Rumania's record in democracy, by land division . . . is unmatched. . . .

These are strange words with which to describe one of the most harsh and corrupt and unstable governments in Europe. The opposition party, "which must always be in a democracy," actually represents the vast majority of the population, the peasants, and is at this moment on the verge of civil warfare against the Bratianu Government, which holds power only through its control of the finances and the army. Mr. Barron speaks of a "united Rumanian nation," ignoring the millions of Magyars, Germans, and Jews who have met the persecution of the Government with most bitter disaffection. Mr. Barron speaks of land division, but neglects to state that the land reform was directed against landowners belonging to national minorities. Bratianu's party, says Mr. Barron, "stands for law and order, property rights, and the maintenance of contracts." The Rumanian Government, in fact, stands for corruption and unconcealed bribery; it stands for pogroms and the violent persecution of the national minorities within the borders of Rumania; it stands for the property rights of prominent members of the Liberal Party at the expense of other individuals and of the nation itself.

This is not the first time that American capital has aided foreign dictatorships in strengthening their regime of oppression and violence. But such dictatorships have ordinarily been safe, at least from the investment point of view. Will the well-oiled publicity machine of Wall Street now attempt to persuade ignorant investors to buy the securities of a tottering Balkan country, which are unsafe today and may be worthless five years hence?

*Why Rumania? *Wall Street Journal*, April 14; Rumania's Finances, May 1.

A Famous Bookstore

IN the Old Corner Book Store at Washington and School Streets in Boston you could examine books at your heart's leisure. "I never can go into that famous Corner Book Store," Oliver Wendell Holmes said, "and look over the new books in the row before me, as I enter the door, without seeing half a dozen which I want to read or at least to know about. The titles of many of them interest me. I look into one or two, perhaps. I have sometimes picked up a line or a sentence, in those momentary glances through the uncut leaves of a new book, which I have never forgotten." The best bookstores, old and new, have been like this; you are not discouraged in your very aimless search by the helpfulness of any salesman. But this shop in Boston seems to have been particularly blessed by the hand of peace; and the reward, as is made clear in a little book published by the present owners on the occasion of the hundredth birthday of the establishment, has been success.

Dorothea Lawrance Mann, the author of this booklet, has a long and full history to recite, in the course of which many notable names crop up. Carter and Hendee, the founders of 1828, may be forgotten; but soon came William D. Ticknor and James T. Fields, who between them represent Boston publishing in the middle of the century, most interesting men in their own right. No one could imagine when Fields got his work done. He directed a large book-publishing business as well as a number of magazines, including the *Atlantic Monthly*, yet E. P. Whipple, the critic, recorded that "his place of business always seemed crowded with visitors. On some afternoons he could hardly have had half an hour to himself." He was at his best in entertaining authors—even our contemporaries could learn much about that amiable task from Dickens's host in America. Ticknor, who strictly speaking was the business member of the firm of Ticknor and Fields, also did well by his authors as a friend. Hawthorne thought he could not take a journey without his publisher for company; Miss Mann gives a pretty picture of him at Washington and School Streets:

> The upper, left-hand corner, as one looked from the front entrance, was inclosed with green curtains. This was Mr. Field's nook, where the social spirits foregathered, and where the broad window seat was always full of manuscripts, new books, and letters. There was always a plenteous company here of the most brilliant men of the day, and there are many who regret that there was no Boswell among them to set down those conversations. In the opposite corner was the small counting-room over which Mr. Ticknor presided. Here Hawthorne liked to come and sit gazing passively on the world surrounding him, from his shadowy hiding-place. "Hawthorne's chair" was in a secluded niche where he could see and yet be out of sight, for he was quite invisible unless one stepped through the little gate into the counting-room. In this one chair Hawthorne always ensconced himself whenever he visited the "Corner," and he often spent whole hours there, resting his head upon his hand, quite happy in his environment.

The store moved to Bromfield Street early in the present century, but it is said to have taken its traditions and its sentiment along. We hope it did not leave behind it the tradition that authors are welcome in places where books are sold—even if they do nothing there but sit where they cannot be seen, and hold their heads in their hands.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

TO the city of New York I am completely loyal. Naturally this does not include the Bronx and Brooklyn. Every summer I try to give up my citizenship and get naturalized in the open spaces. Once I got as far as my first papers, but then I flew back again to my old allegiance.

The country is all right for a visit on a sunny afternoon. In fact, it's more than all right. I look over lake and meadow in the sunlight, I observe the trees sparring with the wind, I see birds and butterflies, and remark profoundly: "Isn't it beautiful?"

Nothing ever comes of that. Everybody admits it and there is no chance for argument or discussion. The show goes on and, at the end of the second act, I again say: "Isn't it beautiful?" Then I remember that somebody has said the same thing before and I go back to silence. The country is a little too much like one of these big musical comedies—there is more beauty in it than fun.

The nights are not so good. To some eyes and ears they may have beauty, but as far as I am concerned there is no friendliness in either sights or sounds. Many things of a horrid nature can happen in the city, but most of them can be stopped by a policeman. That is, if you can find a policeman. The terrors of Connecticut twilight go beyond the province of the roundsman. When a man gets to my age he's looking for security rather than adventure. I suspect that everybody seeks that same goal from the beginning to the end. But first he hopes to find it by charging straight into the teeth of any monster which threatens him. The wisdom of fear and flight is known only to children and old men.

But you cannot use fight or flight against the terrors of the dark. Take the wind, for instance. During the day it is playful enough, but at night it grows sinister. I would rather ride out a gale in an open boat than listen to the wind from the pitch blackness of a country house. By wind I mean any cyclone of more than twenty miles an hour. A boat can put up a battle. It may nose into the tumult or ride before it, but the best a house can do is to stand its ground. Its role is like that of someone who enters a boxing bout bound by the strict promise not to hit back. The very best the house can earn against Knockout North Wind is a good draw. My house has never lost a decision in one hundred years, but at the same time it has never gained one. And it is not getting any younger, while each wind which goes against it is brand new and full of fight and fresh from the sticks.

The structure seems substantial, but so did Jack Dempsey up to the time he met Gene Tunney. And a beaten prizefighter is better off than a conquered house. The fighter may scramble to his feet again after being knocked down. I doubt if my house could do that. If it does go down I might as well confess right now that I purpose to begin crawling out long before the count of ten is reached.

One of the things which bothers me is the law of averages. The people who sold me the house tried to build up my confidence by harping on the number of big storms through which their home had ridden. But if red turns up one hundred times upon a roulette wheel, black may still be the color to pop out the very next time.

Nor is the house just as I found it. A few partitions have gone down. I am so confirmed an aesthete that I chose to sacrifice mere stability for beauty. Some of the walls through which we cut may have had a vital function. There remains a mere shell of the dwelling which once stood on the little hill. It is trimmer now but I am not at all sure how many blows it can endure upon its empty stomach. And why did our ancestors always build their houses in such exposed places?

This is only a cottage but in wild weather it seems to put on new proportions. A moaning comes out of the old beams so prodigious that one might believe the little house to be a castle undergoing siege. Against the black skies of an approaching thunderstorm or hurricane the cottage appears to expose vulnerable flanks as high as those of Pisa's leaning tower. And this home will not be humble even though the heavens loose their fire. Almost it seems to say to the storm god: "Come on, big boy. Let's see what you can do."

My peace of mind would be improved if I could move the cottage beside the lake where the big hill might protect it and hide these defiant gestures. But though you may lead a house to water you cannot make it shrink. Even the kindliness of the lake is now under some suspicion. The blacksmith says that it contains snapping turtles as big as the seat of a chair. He didn't say whose chair. It makes some difference whether he was referring to Jackie Coogan or Chief Justice Taft.

Of the temperament and diet of snapping turtles I am quite ignorant. Miss X, the lady of the lake, assures me they are mild by nature and never bite except when irritated. What irritates a turtle? Not satire, I hope, for we all know that upon occasion he will be mocked. Readily enough I agree not to provoke a combat by overt physical attack. If the turtles will let me alone I'll not bite them. But I cannot guard against accidents. Some of the larger ones look very much like rocks. With all the good-will in the world it would be possible to step upon one. A sensitive turtle might consider that an attack and never understand my good intentions. I might even kick one as I lashed out with a leg while swimming. And it is in just such cases that the psychology of the snapping turtle becomes vital to me. Is he slow to anger? Does he count ten before making up his mind what to do in case of an affront? And then what does he do?

There seems to be no way to solve this except by laboratory experiment. The next time I see a turtle in the lake I must swim out and taunt him until I can determine his precise boiling-point. Unless I am mistaken all this would come under the head of original research. No other scientist, as far as I know, has ever written a paragraph on just what you may or may not say to a snapping turtle. One or two decencies are so obvious that only a churl would transgress. I shall certainly not bring up the subject of terrapin in talking to a turtle or make any mention whatsoever of Henry L. Mencken, Governor Ritchie, Johns Hopkins, or anything else which might conceivably turn the conversation around in the direction of the Free State of Maryland where, from earliest times, the turtle has been sore oppressed.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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What Is This Talk About Utopia?

By H. L. MENCKEN

AS a native and citizen of the Maryland Free State I am, of course, a subject of the United States—but that is about as far as it goes. For the Republic as a whole, I confess, I have very little affection: it amuses and delights me, but never touches me. If the Huns of Japan should launch themselves upon the Pacific Coast tomorrow and begin burning down the chiropractic hospitals and movie cathedrals of Los Angeles, the news would strike me as interesting but not poignant, for I have no investments in that appalling region, and few friends. (San Francisco, to be sure, is something else again, but the Japs are well aware of the fact: they would not burn it.) And if the Huns of the Motherland, assisted by the usual horde of chromatic allies, should take New York, or even Baltimore, it would not perturb me greatly, for the English scheme of things, when all is said and done, is far closer to the Maryland scheme than the American scheme. I was, no doubt, a patriot as a boy, just as I was a teetotaler; I remember glowing, or at all events yelling, when Dewey sank the tin fleet of the Spanish Huns in 1898. But since Good Friday of 1917 such thrills have missed me. It is difficult, indeed, for a man not born a Puritan to glow over the obscene, or even to yell. Moreover, the doctrine was promulgated in those gallant days that, as an American not of British blood and allegiance, I had lost certain of my constitutional rights. I let them go without repining, and sent a flock of duties after them.

Today, whenever my thoughts stray to such lofty and occult matters, I think of myself as a Marylander, not as an Americano. My forebears for three generations lie buried in the Free State, and I was born there myself, and have lived there all my life. I like to dwell upon the fact, and am proud of it. So far as I have been able to find out, no man has ever been jailed in Maryland for his opinions—that is, in my time. Even during the late struggle for human freedom, with the rest of the country handed over bodily to the blacklegs of the Department of Justice, a reasonable liberty survived there. It survives to this day, and even tends to increase. The present Governor of the State (he has served for nine years, and has three more to go) is an enlightened and civilized man, and as far from the Fullers as he is from the McCrays. There is no Webster Thayer on the State bench, and there never has been. The mayor of Baltimore is an honest Moose, and favors fewer laws and lower taxes. Even the State Legislature, though it is ignorant and corrupt, is less ignorant and corrupt than any other State Legislature that I know of, and immensely less so than Congress. There is no State Volstead Act in the *Sáorstat*. There is no Comstock society. There is no Methodist Board of Morals. The Klan survives only in a few mountain counties, and even there its only recorded tar party landed its whole local membership, along with the wives thereof, in the House of Correction. In the entire United States there are but five great newspapers that are liberal, wet, sinful, and intelligent; two of them are in Baltimore.

I could go on thus for columns; maybe even for acres. But the sad, alas, must go with the sweet. The Maryland Free State, by its own misguided generosity, lies adjacent to the District of Columbia, and in the District of Columbia is the city of Washington, and in the city of Washington are gigantic factories for making chains. These chains rattle, ever and anon, over the boundary. They are fastened upon the legs and arms of free Marylanders. Hordes of mercenaries wearing government badges tote them; it is a facile matter to cross the imaginary line. But the free man, despite the chains, manages somehow to remain a free man. He hopes, and he resists. The two federal courts in Baltimore spend more and more of their time rescuing prohibition gunmen from the clutches of the State courts; on some blest tomorrow that benign evasion of the Fourteenth Amendment will break down, and there will be an old-time Maryland hanging, with fireworks in the cool of the evening. I must know thousands of Marylanders, old and young, rich and poor, virtuous and damned. I can recall but two who would honestly deplore that hanging. One is a bootlegger who is also a Quaker. The other is an elderly evangelist who professes to believe every word of the Bible, including the warning against witches, and who alleges that God once appeared to him personally, surrounded by glaring headlights.

This proximity of Washington, the citadel of scoundrels, only makes life in the Free State sweeter to the born and incurable Marylander. It throws up into tremendous relief the difference between the new *mores* of the United States and the traditional *mores* of Maryland. It makes him intensely conscious of his citizenship, and fills him with a vast satisfaction. He is an American legally, but not, thank God, by his own free act. Duties go with his predicament, and he discharges them, but where they end he stops. No heat of 100 per cent Americanism is in him. He harbors no great, brave urge to snout out, jail, and burn a Sacco and Vanzetti. He observes the local Anita Whitneys at their depressing business without feeling any lust to clap them behind the bars. He views the Klan and the I. W. W. with equal indifference, so long as they keep to rhetoric. There is no law in Maryland against red flags or red oratory. Birth-controllers are free of the air. Even during the war Socialists whooped from their soap-boxes, and went unscathed. Hearst reporters have been jailed in Baltimore for photographing, against his will, a gunman on trial for his life, but on the public street even Hearst reporters are safe, and the cops protect them in their ancient rights. I proceed to marvels: the American Legion, in the Free State, is polite, modest, intelligent, and soldierly. Its grand dragons are men who actually served in the war, and it has made but one attempt to blow up the Bill of Rights. That attempt ended in swift and ignominious disaster, and since then it has been tamer than a tabby cat.

In all this gabble of Maryland notions of the true and the good, of course, I allude to the notions entertained by those Marylanders whose IQ's run well above the middle line. The nether brethren exist there, too, but it is not the Maryland tradition to pay too much heed to them. If, assembled in the legislature, they enact laws designed to

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convert Sunday into a day of woe and mourning, there is happily no disposition, save in a few remote and malarious counties, to enforce those laws. The city of Baltimore, as a body corporate, breaks them deliberately and officially, and the grand jury winks at the crime. The Rev. Dr. John Roach Straton tried Baltimore, and gave it up. The Rev. Dr. Billy Sunday was sent in to launch prohibition, and the price of sound Scotch has been falling ever since. The town wowsers lead the dreary lives of town clowns. Evangelical pastors roar in tin tabernacles behind the railroad tracks, but there is not one of them whose public influence or dignity matches that of an imperial wizard of the Elks.

Do I limn Utopia? Well, why not? Utopia, like virtue, is a concept shot through with relativity. To men in jail, I daresay, the radio is a boon. To men doomed to be Americans the existence of such an asylum as the Free State ought to be comforting. How the more enlightened and self-respecting citizens of Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Mississippi, and California can sleep at night is more than I can make out. I always feel vaguely uneasy when my literary apostolate takes me into their ghastly States, as I feel uneasy when I have to go to Washington, or to Paterson, New Jersey, or down in a coal mine. What would follow if the Ohio *Polizei* got a sniff of my baggage? How would it fare, in Mississippi, with one who has publicly argued that Aframericans accused of felony should be tried before being hanged? It is a solace, I assure you, to reflect that numerous swift and swell trains are still running, and that the tariff even from California is less than the cost of trephining a skull, broken by agents of what the heroic open-shoppers out there call the law.

When I cross the line I feel safer and happier. The low moan of Methodist divines comes from the swamps of the Chesapeake littoral, but it is only a moan, not a bark of "Attention!" Even coming from New York, that great city, I notice a change of air. The cops grow polite, and hold their cavalry charges for cases of foreign invasion. The Governor writes his own state papers, disdaining the aid of the reverend clergy. When a still blows up, no one is alarmed. The very Babbits walk lightly, with eager eyes upon their betters. It could be better, to be sure—but remember what country it is in!

[*This is the third of a series of articles in which various persons describe the world they would like to live in.*]

The Season in Moscow

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

I. The Scene

Moscow, May 10

THE twelve-hundred-mile stretch which lies between Berlin and Moscow is spiritually far wider than the ocean. Warsaw sprawls in the midst of the flat, dreary plain (in May still covered with snow), but except for that drab city it is one vast emptiness, and once one has traversed it one finds oneself in a world whose strangeness serves at once to emphasize how much America and the rest of Europe are all of one piece. Doubtless this has always been so to a considerable extent. Moscow, as the old platitude had it, is the beginning of Asia, with thoughts and manners and habits which belong rather to the East than to the West; but the rise of communism has rather emphasized than diminished the sense which one gets of life organized upon a different plan from that which we are accustomed to in New York, or London, or Paris, or Berlin. Lives, passions, and purposes no less than institutions have fallen into new patterns. Things are done in unfamiliar ways, efforts are directed toward unfamiliar ends, and all phenomena carry with them unfamiliar implications.

At the present moment the theater flourishes there as it flourishes nowhere else except, perhaps, in New York; but it is a thing apart and not like the theater of every other Western capital, merely a section of one great World Theater which exchanges plays and methods almost as quickly as the peoples whom it entertains exchange fashions in dress or new variations of the fox-trot. Today, for example, one might, if one liked, follow a pleasant, unimportant little play like Bruno Frank's "Twelve Thousand" from New York to Berlin and then on to Vienna, and one might do much the same thing with half a dozen other plays in three or four different languages; but one would find none of them in Moscow. There are some twenty-five major theaters there besides innumerable minor ones, and they are all always full; but with the exception of one or two classics still occasionally played, two old dramas by O'Neill, and the American melodrama "Spread Eagle" (chosen of course because of its anti-capitalistic propaganda) I could discover no evidence that the native theater was aware that the World Theater of Western Europe existed. Nor is this fact without implications deeper than might at first sight appear. It means, first, that the Russian theater as an institution belongs to an entirely different department of social life from that with which the theaters in other countries align themselves, and, second, that it is busy with entirely different materials.

With us the theater may occasionally detach itself from the influence of its milieu and become the expression of a purely artistic impulse, but in general it is a part of what we call the amusement world, and it is, for the most part, conditioned by the tastes of a leisure class in search of diversion, so that while it occasionally approaches that pure art which is the highest form of luxury a cultivated leisure class can indulge, it is far more often something whose nature is determined by the fact that its chief function is to fill the two and a half hours which lie between the end of dinner and the beginning of the fashionable hour for "parties." In Moscow, on the other hand, the leisure class, in actuality as well as in theory, simply does not exist, and with its disappearance have disappeared also all the institutions which cater to its needs. Twice a week the foreigners gather to dance at the Grand Hotel; at the Hotel d'Europe a few Nepmen sit in one corner of the dining-room (carefully marked off from the rest where those Russians who are not, like them, pariahs may have food at one-half the price) and keep up a dreary pretense at bibulous flirtation; but, speaking broadly, there is no such

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thing as a "night life" in Moscow. Darkness falls upon the city as upon a provincial village. There are no dance halls, no night clubs, no cafes. Of the whole complex of institutions to which the European theater belongs the theater alone has survived and it has survived only because, detaching itself from them, it has allied itself with institutions having a place in a new society which is passionate, energetic, and eager but which has cultivated no taste for the polite amusements of merely sophisticated leisure.

Not a single private theater exists in Moscow. About half of the major ones (including the opera, the Art Theater, and its various studios) are controlled by the central government; the rest, either by the Moscow Soviet or the various trade unions; and this passage into the hands of the ruling masses is no mere form, but something which has determined the whole character of their work. Even Stanislavski, who, of course, frankly belongs to the old order and does not profess to be anything but "bourgeois" in his tastes, has survived as head of the Art Theater only by yielding; and most of his new productions reflect, both in subject matter and in point of view, the character of the new audiences before which he plays. At the opera (the most conservative of all, since the repertory is still very nearly what it was before the Revolution) one might expect to find a pure survival, and if one turns from the stage where "Boris Godunov" is being sung to sweep one's eye around the gorgeous interior until it rests upon the Imperial box where nothing has been changed except that the double-headed eagle of the Romanoffs has been replaced by the sickle and hammer of the Soviets, one might almost believe that one was in the old Russia. But one glance at the audience is enough to reveal how completely the masses have taken possession of even this conservative sanctum. Though they have consented to let it remain for the moment what it has always been because they have not yet discovered into what they wish to transform it, they have possessed it nevertheless. Even here the audience is that same proletarian mass, variously nondescript in dress but strangely, almost terrifyingly, united in its passions and purposes, which one sees everywhere else and which is here enjoying old things, but enjoying them in its own new way. And if one goes instead to one of the new theaters like that of the M. G. S. P. U. (Moscow Trade Unions) one will discover, played before the same audience, dramas of daily life enacted with a literal, almost childish, naturalism like nothing to be found anywhere else on earth. In the revolutionary theater as in the revolutionary society there is much that is beautiful but there is nothing that is pretty.

Nowhere is anything which approaches what we call pure art to be found except as a survival from the past. At the Vactangov Studio I saw an exquisitely absurd performance of that charming bit of foolery "The Princess Turandot" which Gemier, with what seems to me ridiculous perversity, has just chosen as the play to represent Russia at the forthcoming Theatrical Tournament in Paris. At the Little Theater I saw a magnificent and grotesquely terrible performance of the old "Death of Ivan the Terrible," enacted by one of the best of the contemporary actors. But such things are, as I say, mere survivals and I was unable to discover a single play written since the Revolution which did not deal directly with either the Revolution itself or its effects. There are chronicles of the civil war like "1917," there are exciting melodramas based on single incidents in this same civil war like "The Armored Train," there are satires on the bourgeoisie like Meyerhold's "Mandate," and, above all, there are innumerable sociological dramas dealing with the problems of the readjustment to the new society which arise in shop and factory. But there is no evidence of any desire to deal with the subjects which constitute the chief preoccupation of the European theater. In no single play does love between the sexes play an important role, even when it appears, as it does only occasionally, as a minor element; and this fact will serve, perhaps, to show how different the themes are. The extremists maintain that the new drama should concern itself exclusively with social forces and disregard entirely the individual as such, but one discovers very rapidly that even those plays which are described as "individualistic" are such only in the sense that they deal with the problem of an individual in a communistic society, and not at all in the sense in which we commonly use the term to describe those works which are concerned with individual souls living in a vacuum. In Moscow today a new play without social implications is absolutely unthinkable.

As a result of these facts the social and artistic values of the contemporary drama are inextricably mixed, and it would be quite impossible to describe one without the other. In theory and practice alike, art as a detached and self-justifying activity is allowed no place in communist society. The more naive enthusiasts regard it simply as an instrument of education and propaganda, while the subtler understand how it may perform social functions of a less immediately obvious sort; but no one thinks of discussing it except in social terms. The methods of presentation are many and they are often both new and effective, but the subject matter, whether it be treated with the sober, rather old-fashioned realism of the Little Theater or the grotesque extravagance of Meyerhold, is essentially the same, and the intention of the playwrights is nearer to that of nineteenth-century playwrights like Hauptmann and Sudermann than it is to that of any other body of Western European drama with which it could be compared.

Considered as a social phenomenon—and it is impossible to consider it otherwise—it is, however, in one respect at least, very different from that represented by the earlier drama of social forces. The movement in which Hauptmann was the most typical figure never sent its roots very deep into the masses with which it wished to deal. It remained primarily an affair of the intellectuals; and the majority of the proletarians of its time infinitely preferred the conventional romance and melodrama of the old-fashioned theater to the discussion of its problems which the new dramatists were providing. In Russia, however, the familiar paradox, a proletarian art which proletarians cannot be persuaded to enjoy, has completely disappeared. The working masses do go from shop and factory to the theaters where the problems of their own daily life are discussed, and they *do* by choice concern themselves with the art which concerns itself with them. People may disagree as to what the theater ought to be, but there can be no disagreement concerning one actual fact: the theater in Russia has been "socialized" with a vengeance.

In my next article I shall discuss some of the individual plays as well as the more strictly artistic results of the condition here described, but it is impossible intelligently to discuss the Russian theater of today without first making clear how completely it differs, as an institution, from the theater of Western Europe as we know it.

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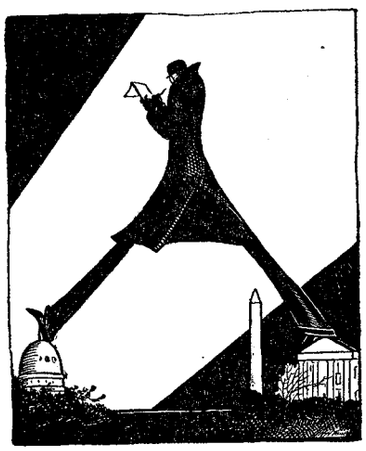
Covering Washington

The Nation's *Biweekly Washington Letter*

By THE UNOFFICIAL SPOKESMAN

Washington, D. C., June 2



IN the three primaries in which Hoover has had contests, his opponents, when viewed as Presidential probabilities, could be considered as nothing more than huge jokes. Nor was the impeccable Cabineteer handicapped in any of them by lack of funds or newspaper support. In all of them he had the aid of the famed stumping squadron composed of sons of Presidents—young T. R., young Taft, and the not-so-young Jimmy Garfield. Yet with all these advantages, he lost two of the battles and scored only a partial victory in the third, in which his opponent was a dead man, none too popular while alive. In Ohio he was pitted against the late Senator Frank B. Willis, whose Presidential aspirations certainly were never treated seriously by the majority of Buckeye voters. Hoover had the organization backing in nearly all the big Ohio cities, where Willis's bone-dry propensities made him unpopular. When Willis died in the midst of the campaign, it was too late to substitute another name in his place on the ballot. Yet the dead man managed to hold 20 of the 51 Ohio delegates against the live Secretary of Commerce. In Indiana, Hoover was opposed by that monumental mountebank, Jim Watson. Jim's prestige is at such low ebb—because so many of his trusted lieutenants have been sent to the penitentiary—that in the last election he escaped defeat for the Senate at the hands of a nobody by the slenderest of margins. Hundreds of thousands of Hoosiers were itching for an opportunity to rebuke Jim. In addition, the Hoover campaign was bolstered by the guidance of one of Watson's erstwhile henchmen, the celebrated George Lockwood, who gained everlasting fame by sending Blair Coan to Montana to frame Senator Wheeler. In spite of all this, so feeble was the enthusiasm aroused for Hoover that he lost the State by some 25,000 votes. The Hoover workers called this "an excellent showing."

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NOW comes the West Virginia primary. Hoover's opponent there was another nonenity, Senator Guy Despard Goff, former assistant to Harry M. Daugherty. Goff, though born in West Virginia, has lived there less than Hoover has in the United States. Even in that fraternity of solemn humbugs, the Senatorial Old Guard, the audacity of the insignificant Goff seeking the Presidency provoked smiles. Nevertheless, Goff carried the primary handsomely. The Hooverites explained it by charging that lavish sums of money had been spent in Goff's behalf. Perhaps this was true, but there was no evidence of poverty on the Hoover side. Even the vendors of Southern delegates, lined up for Hoover at bargain rates through the shrewd bidding of Rush Holland, another former assistant to Harry Daugherty, are beginning to grow restive. They are resentful at the suggestion that they have been "bought and paid for" and are therefore bound to support Hoover at the Kansas City convention. Testimony before the Senate campaign-fund committee disclosed that Mr. Holland's modest $10,000 outlay for Southern delegates had been augmented by promises of additional payments, aggregating some thousands of dollars. Despite the expenditure of $11,800 for Hoover in Mississippi, an alarming anti-Hoover movement has been gaining headway. Perry Howard, the Mississippi Republican boss and paymaster for the Hoover forces in that State, is not so sure now that he will vote his delegates for Hoover. Similar sentiments were voiced before the Senate committee by Ben J. Davis, Republican National Committeeman in Georgia, who handled the Hoover funds in that State.

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BUT how to get rid of Hoover—that's the problem. Strong, silent Cal is offered as the alternative. But doubt is beginning to arise whether, seeking a third term, he would be much stronger as a candidate than Hoover. In 1924, when he was at the pinnacle of his popularity, Cal, it is now recalled, was a minority choice in several Western States. And that was before he had vetoed two McNary-Haugen bills. Even the devoted Fess, it is reported, is beginning to doubt Cal's availability.

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OF all the chuckleheaded ballyhoo conducted in Hoover's behalf first prize must be awarded to the effort now being made to have it appear that he is of German descent. Letters are beginning to appear in the newspapers from persons who say they have looked up the Hoover family tree and discovered that he is not English at all; that his forefathers came from Germany; and that his real name is "Hofer" or "Huber." This is obviously to counteract the effect of Hoover's being called "Sir 'erbert 'oover of Downing Street" and to soften the alleged antipathy toward him on the part of the German voters. Let them beware! The first thing they know their candidate will be proscribed by the hundred-percenters and blacklisted by the D. A. R. It is bad enough to have him assailed as a British hyphenate, but the consequences may be disastrous when his enemies begin calling him a Hun.

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CONGRESS has adjourned. The session was memorable for the activity of the most insolent and powerful lobby ever assembled in Washington to defeat legislation. The power lobby succeeded in beating Senator Walsh's proposal for a Senate investigation of the public utilities. By

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having that inquiry shunted to the Federal Trade Commission, it afforded a complacent daily press an excuse for ignoring or glossing over the scandalous disclosures which have followed. Aided by the partisans of a narrow sectionalism, it succeeded, through an eleventh-hour filibuster in the Senate, in defeating the Boulder Dam project, despite the presence of sufficient votes to pass it. Its battle against government operation of Muscle Shoals was less successful, the bill passing both houses, but at this writing the power interests have not abandoned hope of a Presidential veto. The Norris amendment, to abolish lame-duck sessions, was lost through the opposition of a reactionary Republican minority in the House; and again the House decided to defy the Constitution by refusing to provide for reapportionment of Congressional districts. The passage of the McNary-Haugen Bill—which President Coolidge so savagely vetoed—may be attributed more to political hopes and fears than to any genuine concern over the plight of the farmer. In short, the progressive minority in each house fought its usual losing battle, and the majority displayed its customary cowardice, while the White House carefully looked after the interests of a few large industrial and financial groups, as was to be expected.

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UP to the very end the sacred Andrew, Secretary of the Treasury, continues to rejoice in the conspiracy of silence by which the newspapers shield him from unkind facts. In one of the most burning indictments ever drawn against a great public official, Senator Walsh, reporting in behalf of the Teapot Dome Committee, charged Mr. Mellon with having concealed important facts from a Senate Committee engaged in exposing a crime, and with having failed, over a long period of years, to make any effort to collect the income taxes due from the profits of the most notorious swindle of modern times. When Secretary Mellon appeared before the committee and admitted that Will Hays had offered him $50,000 of the Continental Trading Co. Liberty bonds in 1923, to be passed on to the Republican National Committee in the guise of a donation, and attempted to defend his four-year silence about the transaction, the New York *Herald Tribune* and the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*—to name but two—seized upon an innocent compliment by Senator Walsh and made it appear as a blanket vindication of the Secretary's conduct. When Senator Walsh's real verdict was rendered in his report to the Senate, did those newspapers hasten to correct the false impression which they had conveyed? In the editions of those papers reaching Washington, not a solitary mention of the Secretary's name appeared in their accounts of the Walsh report! Nor was he mentioned in the New York *Times* story. Readers of those newspapers must turn to the report itself to read the blistering judgment pronounced upon the sacred Secretary's conduct. And yet the Unofficial Spokesman has been accused of unfairness toward the daily press!

The Tailor and the Scientific Method

By BENJAMIN STOLBERG

LABOR conventions have usually, in my experience invariably, nothing to do with the economics of industry. They are political gatherings in which the ins and the outs frame one another for factional purposes under democratic pretenses. For the reporter of such conventions the news is determined by the proper correlation between the impurity of political motives with what can be reasonably told.

In this sense the eighth biennial convention of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, held in Cincinnati during the week of May 14, was not a labor convention at all. As a labor reporter I consider it a failure. For all the world it might have been, barring differences in occupational psychology, a sectional meeting of the American Economic Association dealing with the economics of the men's clothing industry in its relation to free labor. The only difference is that tailors are more noisy than professors and care more for industrial freedom than professors care for academic freedom.

This difference between the usual political labor convention and the economic proceedings of the Amalgamated is due wholly, it seems to me, to the constantly growing leadership of Sidney Hillman. I am exceedingly tired of the intellectual indoor sport of throwing bouquets at Mr. Hillman. But the man's industrial philosophy—a complex of intelligence, knowledge, shrewdness, and the sort of genuine integrity which renders it dangerous to scoundrels—dominated the convention week so completely that failure to describe its leverage would omit the heart of the story. It was at this Cincinnati convention that Hillman's industrial outlook reached and demonstrated its maturity.

His industrial philosophy is so largely functional that it seems more like a trick than an attitude. The trick lies in his appreciation that intelligence in social politics must be permanently militant. In these days of delusive collaboration schemes between capital and labor in a social atmosphere in which every force pulls increasingly in favor of capital, it is significant to appreciate the creative intelligence behind the Amalgamated program. Hillman does not give a rap for the manufacturer. He does not, in fact, believe in the employer's rights, for the simple reason that at bottom he considers them not rights but privileges. At any rate, he appreciates that he is not being paid a salary out of union dues to protect the boss. Since the last convention, the Amalgamated has conducted more strikes than any other trade union in America. The convention received with enthusiasm the report of a major strike at the Adler firm in Milwaukee. But Hillman does protect the rights of the employer just to the degree, yet fully to the degree, to which the employer under the present economic system legitimately affects the industry in which the workers make their living.

During the last two years, he told the convention, the union has in three instances given financial assistance to manufacturers exposed to the danger of liquidation. These three firms together employed more than one thousand workers. At least two of these firms would have had to go out of business were it not for the aid of the union. Other

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firms were confronted with market and management problems which the Amalgamated found it necessary to help them solve. The Amalgamated is constantly engaged in reducing costs for the sole purpose of increasing wages. Conversely, this realistic attitude prevents the administration from registering such "victories" as John L. Lewis's Jacksonville agreement which victoriously helped to smash the United Mine Workers of America. It is an open secret that the Amalgamated might have had the forty-hour week in the last Chicago agreement. But due to conditions in the national men's clothing market, it could have existed only on paper. "We want no theoretical forty-hour week," Hillman said. "Whatever we accept must be real. Otherwise we don't take it. This time all we wanted was the recognition on the part of the manufacturers of our title to the forty-hour week. And we got a mixed committee to study its feasibility."

Since the 1926 convention in Montreal the union has carefully extended its various cooperative and subsidiary enterprises. About half the time of the convention was taken up with the reports of their administration and with resolutions for their further encouragement. The 1928 Chicago agreement raised the contribution of the employers to the Unemployment Insurance Fund from 1½ per cent of their weekly pay roll to 3 per cent, while the contribution of the workers remained stationary at 1½ per cent of their weekly wage. This raises unemployment insurance in the Chicago clothing market to almost half of the wage losses due to unemployment. The 1928 Rochester agreement also introduced unemployment insurance in which, however, the employers contribute 1½ per cent while the workers do not start their share until next May. "The industry must carry the burden of unemployment. We will not permit the manufacturers to share their responsibilities to the workers with the Charity Organization Society," Hillman said. The union is making every effort to introduce unemployment insurance in every market. The convention also indorsed a life-insurance plan which Dr. Leo Wolman, head of the union's research department, has developed. This plan is intimately connected with the unemployment-insurance fund, and is to be obligatory, so as to avoid the absurd ineffectiveness of the voluntary life-insurance company of the American Federation of Labor.

The convention indorsed various other cooperative and subsidiary ventures of the union. President Adolph Held of the Amalgamated Bank of New York and President Walter T. Fisher of the Amalgamated Trust and Savings Bank of Chicago reported on the progress of these two institutions, whose resources are close to $11,000,000 and $9,000,000 respectively. The Amalgamated Bank of New York has introduced a small-loan service which recently has been copied by the National City Bank. The Amalgamated Clothing Workers Credit Union of New York, also a small-loan organization, took the initiative which finally led to the building of the cooperative apartments in New York City at $11 per room, the most skilfully financed and the most successful housing venture of this kind in the United States.

The results of the arbitration machinery were explained by the usual galaxy of distinguished impartial chairmen. In between, more popular addresses were given by B. C. Vladeck of the *Jewish Daily Forward*, Arturo Giovannitti, and Judge Jacob Panken of New York. All along the business of the convention in the form of resolutions was carried on. There were no left-wing issues in this convention and so there were no left controversial resolutions. The left wing was liquidated at the Montreal convention of 1926. Factionalism is a persistent cancer in the other needle trades, especially in the International Ladies Garment Workers Union, because there are genuine grievances. But the Amalgamated is holding the field it has conquered, though it has still a great deal of ground left to cover. It must not be forgotten that there are approximately 200,000 men's clothing workers, including shirtmakers, in the United States and Canada, of whom the Amalgamated has less than one-half enrolled as dues-paying members. The New York market, due to the pressure of the small contractor and the general disorganization of the industry, though improving slightly, is still in a miserable condition. Philadelphia, Cleveland, Buffalo, and St. Louis are hot-beds of the open shop in the men's clothing industry. But the organization is so obviously and militantly facing these problems that factionalism can make little dent in the membership. Hillman, indeed, is so little afraid of opposition that as soon as the statement on the report of the General Executive Board was presented to the convention he invited not merely discussion but all opposition to come out into the open. There was none. The only disturbing factor was the race issue, between Jews and Italians. It crystallized, thinly disguised, around the last election quarrel in the Buffalo Joint Board. The issue was stifled by both the Jewish and the Italian leaders, but there is no doubt that it is a growing problem in an organization of which an ever-increasing proportion is Italian, while the leadership is largely Jewish.

At this convention it was also obvious that the growing realistic policy of the Amalgamated since 1920 has allocated to the various leaders the degree of power which is commensurate with their temperament. Joseph Schlossberg, always more of a prophet than a priest, is still the "conscience" of the union. Abraham Beckerman and Abraham Miller of New York are on the General Executive Board by virtue of their power in New York. Sidney Rissman, Frank Rosenblum, and Leo Krzycki are able administrative lieutenants and organizers. One or two members of the board are gradually eliminating themselves with the growing complexity of the organization. Others will stay on as representatives of racial groups, Italian, Bohemian, and Polish. But the real power has undoubtedly drifted to the big three, Sidney Hillman, Hyman Blumberg, and Samuel Levin. Blumberg, the best tailor in America, can tell you how an added stitch to one operation in a shop employing three thousand workers will affect price levels and wage rates. Born and brought up in the streets of Baltimore, his boldness is of that disciplined recklessness which makes him the natural leader of organization campaigns and strike-ridden districts. Sam Levin, whose powerful body and inarticulate but hard intelligence move like a slow motion picture, is really responsible for the 100 per cent organization of the Chicago market, which is the backbone of the union. An unofficial leader, but of enormous significance to the organization, is Dr. Leo Wolman, who has his finger in every agreement, in every innovation, for the simple reason that his technical equipment as an economic adviser is probably the most clean-cut and competent in the country.

The convention was a rousing success for the administration. Yet the week left rather an uncertain impression. I dare say it deposited some new doubts in the mind

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of Sidney Hillman. One cannot help feeling that the rank and file of the delegates swallowed things without sufficiently digesting them. There had been too much self-satisfaction in the convention, too many noisy and unintelligent demonstrations with rattles and whistles. Hillman is a practical politician to the point of genuine statesmanship. He is shrewd to the point of wisdom. He really wants the rank and file to be educated to every step because only in such education lies permanent gain. He is afraid to be too far ahead.

Hillman also wants to believe, and hence fools himself into believing, that the Amalgamated has a mission to perform in American labor. He is quite wrong. The Amalgamated cannot teach our dominant labor movement anything because our dominant labor movement is spiritually too bankrupt to learn anything. The culture of big business is constantly forging ahead in American life and gradually emasculating the old trade-union movement. The one criticism one can make of the Amalgamated, a criticism which certainly is not the fault of its leadership, is that its intelligence is a sport phenomenon in our industrial life and that as such it will remain in the vanguard without being a guide.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter is stumped. As a bureau of information and advice he is generally resourceful and loquacious —at least loquacious. He is able to advise persons in which phase of the moon to plant radishes, whether one should marry in June or October, and if Sauterne, Ming Green, Coffee, or Pyrenees Blue will be the prevailing shade in men's underwear during the coming summer. But now the Drifter is stumped. From a correspondent in San Antonio, Texas, comes the following appeal:

> Along the lunatic fringe of your readers there are undoubtedly some maddened "hobby-riders" who are obsessed with the desire to inoculate other innocent citizens with the virus of their disease. I offer myself as a victim. I am looking for a hobby, something with sufficient interest to draw me from my desk at least two afternoons a week.
>
> The readiest answer would be golf. My business associates close their desks and run off for the afternoon to chase the little white ball "o'er hill and dale," as the poet says. They fill my ears at luncheon with ante- and post-mortems on their game, and I really should be in a position to make them suffer as they make me suffer. Unfortunately, all strenuous sport is taboo. This also eliminates riding, tennis, swimming, and baseball, but leaves croquet, which does not appeal. I outgrew marbles, tops, second-hand stamps years ago. Hiking is difficult in my section of the country as shade trees are scarce and autos plentiful. Walking in our local parks, while pleasant and restful, soon palls. Bridge is interesting but too confining.

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NOW what, the Drifter asks his readers, is the answer? His correspondent says that he wants a hobby and indicates that he inclines toward a sport. Yet he seems to rule out the best of them as too strenuous for his physique. If he must abjure tennis and swimming, presumably he could not consider handball either. But how about bowling and, if not bowling, then billiards? And if none of them, then ping-pong? If these sound too conventional, and the Drifter's correspondent is willing to go outside the realm of sport, then one might recommend to him China painting, Spanish lessons, saxophone playing, or lion taming. Not that the Drifter has ever tried any of them, but if he had his life to live over again he would certainly be a saxophone player by vocation and—if his existence grew wearisome—he would take up lion taming on the side. He may add that he knew a navy officer who adopted knitting as a pastime when he retired from the service after a concluding experience in mine sweeping. Perhaps the transition from sweeping to knitting seemed like a natural bit of domestic evolution.

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AS a matter of fact the Drifter balks at the idea of a hobby that would regularly involve, as his correspondent suggests, two afternoons a week. The Drifter's own pet hobby, of course, is drifting, and that is not done on schedule. Besides it is unwise to suggest drifting to a man with an office in San Antonio to which he wants to cling. The Drifter has never been in San Antonio, but he fears his first drift might land him in Galveston and his second aboard a ship going almost anywhere east of Suez or west of the Milky Way.

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FOR the benefit of the readers of his screed in the issue of May 16 the Drifter passes on the information that the Governor of Porto Rico has vetoed the bill to legalize cock-fighting. So that amusement is closed to the gentleman from San Antonio even if he wanted to emigrate in order to embrace it.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The White Serf in Georgia

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You seem to regard the American Negro as a poor, downtrodden, mistreated person. I do not wish to go into the condition of the Negro of the past, whom your ancestors caught and sold to mine, but I wish to submit to you my experience as a typical Georgia farmer in dealing with a typical Negro.

In the year 1919 I hired a more than averagely intelligent and industrious Negro named Robert Robertson. I paid him $25 a month in cash. I allowed him a private patch of one acre and the use of my farm animals free of charge. I gave him Saturday afternoon off. I furnished him a three-room ceiled home with waterworks. He kept a cow at my expense and enjoyed plenty of milk and butter. His chickens, a source of revenue as well as a food supply, roamed at will over my farm. Fuel was his for the taking.

He stood no risk and at the end of the year he had supported his family of six and saved $300; I, who had stood much greater risk and should have made more, lost more. The peach curculio ruined my peaches, the hog cholera killed my hogs, and the boll weevil got my cotton. I lost $2,000. Other pests which the Southern farmer faces are the corn caterpillar, the pod weevil, the Mexican bean weevil, and the Hessian fly, not to mention the weather. And no tariff protects him.

I treated Robert kindly. I dared not ruffle his composure. The peonage law permitted him to quit me whenever he chose, whether it were in the midst of my crop, or whether he owed me money. He did leave me and the farm at the end of the year, and moved to town in order to spend his money. He refused to send his children to the school, built for the Negroes by my father before the day of public schools, because of a twenty-five-

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cent fee for supplies asked by the teacher. He attended church regularly, however, in the church, also built by my father.

I, too, have left the farm, in order to make a living. It seems to me that the white man rather than the Negro is oppressed in the South when he follows the occupation of the South—agriculture. Instead of uplifting the Negro, you are tending to make a serf of the Southern white man.

Atlanta, Georgia, May 2 GEORGE H. SLAPPEY

The Natives of Liberia

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Buell's article on Liberia, in your issue of May 2, refers to the natives of the country as "naked savages," and implies that they had to be kept subjugated by the civilized Liberian Government, whose welfare was of major importance.

As a matter of fact, Liberia possesses two of the most interesting ethnic groups on the continent of Africa. The Krus are skilful sailors who have made themselves indispensable to the trading vessels that touch on the West Coast. They were one of the few tribes who were never enslaved. The Mandingoes were smelting and tempering iron centuries before Europe, and it is only recently that the quality of their product has been surpassed. Their treatment of leather may not yet be surpassed, nor do Western dyes outlast their own in that hot and moist climate. Their leaders are well versed in the Koran and in Arabic lore and African tradition. Peoples possessed of such a civilization and culture can scarcely be called "naked savages."

The crux of the matter lies in what happens to these natives, not, as Mr. Buell seemed to imply, in what happens to the independence of the Liberian Government, interesting as that is. The lives of the million or million and a half sturdy, intelligent, and acclimated natives, with a culture all their own, is of more importance than the lives of the ten thousand "Liberians," the descendants of the immigrants, with a faint Western culture.

The million or million and a half natives have not had self-government for fifty years. They have been supervised by the ruling clique of the 10,000 Liberians. But they had been protected in a measure by the very weakness of the Liberians, and were as a matter of fact benefited in many ways by this supervision. The coming of Firestone may mean another story. If he carries his project through, he has a power, which the Liberian Government did not have, either to make the natives suffer or to advance their interests. What he does industrially may be infinitely more important to the natives than what the Liberian Government did politically.

The natives had some protection against the government of the alien Liberians. They have almost none, except his enlightened self-interest, against the foreign Firestone. Therein lies the peril. Arbitrary power, though benevolent, is dangerous. Every English-speaking country has heretofore had some protection against arbitrary power. The natives of Liberia should have some protection, and protection by an agency as powerful as Firestone himself. Else he will be prosecutor, judge, and jury for a million natives from whom he is seeking to extract profits. He will be a modern example of the type of the old chartered companies or of Leopold II, though he will probably not abuse his power as did these agencies. Can and should not our State Department, which is protecting him, at least promise the million natives (through the Liberian Government, if necessary) that their interests will be protected first, and that Firestone's profits will come second? Some agency should do this. What other could?

It does not matter much if the cost of collecting import duties is ten times as great in Liberia as in adjoining British territories. The Liberians get advantages out of the arrangement. But it does matter that the natives of Liberia are not protected, as are the natives of adjoining British territories, against the terrors that can accompany an invading social revolution.

Washington, D. C., May 10 ROBINSON NEWCOMB

Liberal in St. Louis

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "Another Liberal," writing from Baltimore, says he knows of only two liberal newspapers—the *Manchester Guardian* and the Baltimore *Sun*. Apparently he deliberately omits the New York *World*, since he is discussing the Broun incident, but his failure to mention the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* shows that his experience with journalism is not wide. If it were, he would be likely not to mention the *Sun* except in a qualified way, since its liberalism is limited. There are some liberal causes it apparently does not savor. Compare the *Sun* and the *Post-Dispatch* on such things, for example, as the Supreme Court decision in the Charlotte Anita Whitney case, the Sacco-Vanzetti case, or in any matter involving great economic issues, like valuation of public utilities, activities of the power trust, and so on. I believe the *Sun* would suffer by the comparison. St. Louis is far from the Atlantic seaboard, but the *Post-Dispatch* is saying things that will soon be heard even above the clamor made by the self-sufficient East. I mean no slur to the *Sun*. It is a splendid newspaper and I wish America had more like it, but it should be considered in the light of the greater freedom and greater independence of the *Post-Dispatch*.

St. Louis, Missouri, May 28 STILL ANOTHER

The United Press and the Utilities

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your Washington correspondent suggests that the newspapers have been neglecting the public-utilities stories. You will be interested to note that our messages from editors indicate a real interest in the story. As you know, the United Press supplies news as news. It is quite obviously not the province of a press association to "crusade" either for or against. Our field is reporting and distribution of news. The United Press has been reporting fully the utilities story, carrying 1,000 or more words constantly per day on its afternoon wires and a large volume again at night. We have given a consecutive picture of the work of the utilities agents i the schools and colleges and shall continue conscientiously to present the facts of the hearings as they develop.

I am taking the liberty of writing you this since the rather broad statement about Washington correspondents might be misconstrued by some of your readers as covering the activities of press-association reporters too. Speaking for the United Press, I can assure you that our men are engaged in covering news as it breaks in Washington, without fear or bias.

Washington, D. C., May 25 CARL D. GROAT

For Bryan's Biography

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The undersigned would be grateful for letters or other documents suitable as biographical material for a Life of William Jennings Bryan. Any such material loaned will be returned. Photographs or information regarding theses or other serious studies of the career of the Great Commoner would be welcomed by me at 422 West Twenty-second Street, New York.

New York, May 30 PAXTON HIBBEN

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Books, Music, Plays

Going Somewhere

By GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

Traveling standing still, I took
Years to do a piece
Of one Pacific Island. Now,
Everywhere I look—
As if I stood on top the Pole,
And saw, surrounding how
The horizon was traveling
While I was standing still—
The world goes round and round, and I
Am pure content to be
Its tiny axis toward a sky
That points and centers, spinning by,
In an earth that is, with me,
From root's depth, into tree,
By tiny atoms back and forth,
Shaken, a round-trip out of earth,
To earth's depth as before.
I could not travel more.

One circle out of earth and back
Takes seventy years at least.
The other goes with mental speed
Around to the level east.
The atom of my mind can look
While it is being taken
Upon an arc the plumed trees took,
Shaken, and unshaken.
So the two circles. Momentary,
The horizontal one;
And the tall circle, too, the airy
Flight to the flowing sun,
Converge on this, my standing still,
My traveling through space,
Going somewhere, until
I arrive at *no* place.

The Protestant Terror

Pressure Politics. The Story of the Anti-Saloon League. By Peter Odegard. Columbia University Press. $3.50.

THIS is an extraordinary book. For the first time the history of the Anti-Saloon League in all its phases has been written from the documents, with citation of chapter and verse, names, places, and circumstances in proof of every important fact set down. Whether viewed as an account of the most elaborate piece of propaganda that any nation has ever known, or as an exposure of the far-reaching political activities of the American Protestant churches, or as a record of political scheming, intimidation, misrepresentation, and blackguardly tactics used in behalf of a so-called moral reform, the story is amazing, and the more so because Mr. Odegard, in telling it, seems at times to lean over backwards in his effort to do exact justice to the league and its representatives.

Only a few of the more important points brought out in a book which, like this one, is literally crammed with details can be alluded to in a review of any reasonable length. The story begins with the formation at Oberlin College, in 1874, of a society devoted to the complete suppression of the "traffic in and the use of intoxicating liquors," and destined to become, after a few years of rapid changes, the Anti-Saloon League that the present generation knows. When, in 1895, the Anti-Saloon League was formed, what had come to be known as the "Ohio idea" was made the basis of its organization. "Stated briefly," says Mr. Odegard, "the pillars upon which the structure rests are: (1) A paid professional staff of officers and workers giving their entire time to league activities; (2) a financial system based upon monthly subscriptions; (3) an active political agitation directed toward the defeat of wet and the election of dry candidates; (4) concentration upon the liquor question—refusal to be sidetracked by other issues." By vesting authority in the board of directors and executive committee, the voice of the people who paid the money, and who were supposed to be benefited by the proposed reform, was virtually eliminated.

From the beginning the churches were "the backbone of the organization," the league itself being formed, as Mr. Odegard remarks on the authority of its official organ, "to give church people an effective political organization to fight the liquor traffic." As hardly more than two-fifths of the population of the United States, during the period of the league's greatest activity, could be regarded as church adherents, and as Catholics and Jews, representing between them about one-half of the total church membership of the country, have with few exceptions held aloof, the sectarian backing of the league may well be pondered by those who affect to see in national prohibition, the crowning achievement of league exertions, an expression of the conviction of a majority of the nation, or who single out the Catholics as the only church that is supposed to take a hand in politics. The one redeeming feature of the case at this point is that the churches were at first in no hurry to join hands with the league, and that official cooperation of church councils has "generally failed."

Once a few had been convinced, the next step was to persuade the mass. For persuasion the league adopted, at one time or another, about every device, short of bribery and physical violence, that political parties have resorted to in turning democracy to their ends. It flooded the country with literature exposing the ways of the liquor interests and grossly exaggerating the iniquities of the saloon. "If there be such a thing as blackwashing, this is what the league did to the saloon. . . . To have admitted that there was one decent saloon would have seemed like giving the whole case away." Even the so-called Whiskey Rebellion in Pennsylvania, in Washington's time, was and still is grotesquely misrepresented as a rebellion of the "liquor traffic" against the law. Reports from dry districts were edited by cutting out whatever failed to connect prosperity with prohibition, "the relation of drink to insanity, tuberculosis, mortality, crime, divorce, and school attendance was iterated and reiterated," the menace of the drunken Negro in the South was appropriately emphasized, and endless sob-stories were circulated for the benefit of impressionable youths and adolescent adults.

By the time the World War came on the agitation for national prohibition was in full cry, but the war opened vast new fields to the crusaders, and the league made the most of its opportunities with the efficient aid of the federal government and the general moral and intellectual paralysis brought on by the embattled one-hundred-percenters. There is no space to recount here the story of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act, the saintly performances of William H. Anderson and the lordly strut of Wayne B. Wheeler, or the eventual yielding of the Supreme Court to the obvious demands of a well-worked-up public opinion. The work of Protestant terrorization had run and been glorified, and even the Sovereign Pontiff himself exercised less effective control over the minds and consciences of the faithful than the league, with its ring leadership, its secret funds, its contempt for corrupt practices acts, and its past-mastership of political intrigue, exercised over men and

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women who in most other relations of life insisted upon regarding themselves as intelligent. Had Mr. Odegard been able to bring his absorbing tale down to the present moment, he would have been able to add that all the Presidential candidates in this year 1928 have vied with one another in side-stepping the prohibition issue, and that the question will not bulk large in the proceedings of the nominating conventions or the formal declarations of party platforms if the party leaders can prevent it. About the only thing, apparently, for which the prohibition bosses cannot, with full hearts, give thanks to Almighty God is that Mr. Odegard should have been permitted to write and publish this notable book.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

My Outfit

Me and Henry and the Artillery. By William Hazlett Upson. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.

TEN years and two months ago, for reasons I have never since been able adequately to explain to myself or to anybody else, I enlisted to make the world safe for democracy. I was sent, with forty-five other recruits, to Charlotte, North Carolina, and after due process of questionnaires, ended in Headquarters Company of the Thirteenth Field Artillery.

Now comes this book, written by Private William Upson of Battery D, Thirteenth Field Artillery (I never knew him—I knew only the two hundred and ten men in Headquarters Company), and I stay up half the night to read it. It is not a particularly good book, not so good as "Chevrons," not nearly so good as "Three Soldiers," which remains, so far as I know, the only piece of genuine literature in this or any other country the World War has brought forth. (Yes, I have read "The Story of a Squad" and "Men in War.") But it is about my branch of the service, my outfit, my telephone detail even—it brings what Aristotle calls the pleasure of recognition once again.

I do not know why the human mind, in all ages, recurs so persistently to this experience of war. "Forsan et haec olim. . . ." And veterans' recollections are of all things of course the most inevitable and the most familiar. I feel that I have had a reasonably full and exciting life since the war, I remember that my army days, up to the armistice, did not seem pleasant to me at the time I was going through them. But the period remains almost the most cherished and the most valued episode of my life—if I disparage it, it is my anti-imperialist conscience that speaks, and not my memories. This is sad, but it is true. And there were several million other similar soldiers in the A. E. F. those years.

Perhaps those several millions is the real key to the problem—all in uniform, all interchangeable, humanity reduced to its most elementary units at last. And the sense of danger, of responsibility and irresponsibility, the excitement of the finality of death. But there was more. I look through this book and try to capture its essence. I find a little of it in the speeches:

> "I suppose," said the captain, "we ought to turn him over to the M. P.'s as a straggler."
>
> "If you ask me," said Baird, "I'd say that we are too busy to be going out of our way to assist those damn M. P.'s."
>
> "Fair enough," said the captain, and they walked on.

And again:

> "What did that bird say he was going to do?" asked Henry [when the lieutenant retired out of danger of shells].
>
> "Make a reconnaissance."
>
> "That's a good one, all right," said Henry. "I'll have to remember that word."

The quality evaporates when it is copied here out of its context, but perhaps the clue remains. Was it the sense of braggadocio—that sense of always playing a part (never one instant forgotten—not jammed into box-cars, not squatting down among the flies with slum, not sighting through glasses at a church-steeple, not grooming a kicking horse at night)—of playing a part on a wide stage, and with a perfectly impersonal force for antagonist—the nearest modern unbelieving man can come to his duel with the high gods? For I, for one, certainly never believed in the righteousness of our cause, and I got the same kick out of the army that everybody else did—no more, no less—I was there to see, that was all.

The impersonal force, of course, was the fear of death—a perfectly impersonal and unpredictable hazard so far as any individual soldier was concerned. There was not much use taking precautions against it—if it was going to get you it would. In peace times only the poet walks constantly through the valley of the shadow of death—this presence, at once so paralyzing, and so overshadowing above all minor annoyances, was with us all during the war.

Man, according to the psychoanalysts, has the death-wish as deeply in his bones as the life-wish. He came out of inert matter, and to inert matter, by his roundabout road, he is always homesick to return. Modern war is not a psychological phenomenon—it is a matter of economic organization. But it could not play its tune without the psychological keys to play on: man's combativeness, his love of adventure—of battle, murder, and sudden death. And those ancient and fundamental loves, I realize reading this book and remembering the war again, can only be otherwise satisfied when peace is accepted as as fatal as war time, and all life is lived in friendly acknowledgment of its end.

ROBERT WOLF

British Coal

The British Coal Dilemma. By Isador Lubin and Helen Everett. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

THE great strikes of 1926 gave dramatic prominence to problem of British industry which is perhaps insoluble. Britain's industrial and commercial supremacy in the nineteenth century was built on coal. Even after that supremacy had passed, the prosperity Britain enjoyed up to the Great War was closely dependent on her output and marketing of coal. But trouble was already threatening. Other industrial countries were developing coal measures nearer the surface and cheaper to work.

Oil was pushing rapidly into the places of industrial and transport power; hydro-electric energy was making countries like Sweden and Switzerland independent of coal fuel. The war and the post-war struggles accelerated these new economies, and Britain must in any case have been seriously damaged in her export and bunker markets. It might have been expected that, as this prospect opened out, the leaders of the coal industry would have set themselves strenuously to the task of improving the technique and organization of their trades, which were lamentably inefficient. But the coal-owners, sluggish by tradition, conservative in temper, had only one notion of dealing with what they regarded as a temporary crisis, viz., reduction of wages and lengthening of hours. The story of the obstinate but futile resistance of the miners, the vacillating policy of the government, with its commissions and its subsidies, is told in accurate detail by the writers of this able book. But the main purpose of Mr. Lubin and Miss Everett is to exhibit the larger significance of the British coal situation as an economic and psychological dilemma. Every intelligent, disinterested engineer recognizes the absurdity of keeping 2,500 separate collieries, with as many separate managements, at different levels of physical efficiency, engaged in cutthroat competition for markets. Concentrative organization and combination are the only roads to safety. But here the pride of wasteful independence, the distrust of cooperation, and, above all,

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the resentment at state control and interference block the way. We have here a vivid and acute presentation of the tangle of human follies which prevent any sane solution.

The writers discuss temperately and with clear understanding the question of nationalization which arouses so much prejudice in the mind of ordinary business men. They are evidently favorable to some such bold measure of public organization as is proposed by the Labor Party in the hope of a Power and Transport Department, and discuss with much acumen the various ways of avoiding the defects of bureaucracy and of political influence in business administration. It is an exceedingly well-informed and well-written treatise upon a subject of vital importance in the economic field.

J. A. HOBSON

The Great Tradition

The Years Between. I. The Mysterious Cavalier. II. Martyr to the Queen. By Paul Feval and M. Lassez. Translated from the French by Cleveland B. Chase. Longmans, Green and Company. Two volumes. $5.

IT was no fault of Dumas that the historical romance acquired an evil title and fell on sickly days in the nineties and was taken over by the agreeable and puny capacities of writers like Stevenson and Stanley Weyman and then of late years fell on even sicklier days in the gaudy hands of Rafael Sabatini. At last it became the sort of thing given as a birthday present by great-aunts to growing boys and commanded no kind of respect from the austere critic. It became the cloak-and-sword romance wherein an excessively heroic cavalier went about in a flappy cloak and pinked villains with an incredible monotony. Historic characters spouted a cascading fount of supposedly medieval language and a trivial plot was draped in rainbow prose. No one ever acted or thought as any one *ever* acted or thought in the Middle Ages or the Renaissance. The nobles all talked as if they were strutting poets and peasants always had a fund of wit.

Unfortunately enough most readers judged Dumas by "The Three Musketeers," wherein they cared only for the giddy attitudes of the four inseparables and overlooked the portrait of Richelieu and the extraordinary talent which showed characters feeling and acting according to the morals of their own day and made real and lovable three blood-thirsty ruffians. These readers never got as far as the Valois Romances nor did they even penetrate to the profound and haunting sadness hanging like a poetic dream over the lives of the pure and the true sacrificed to the lust and cruelty of the ignoble great. For there is nothing boyish or immature of tinsel about "Marguerite de Valois" or "La Dame de Monsereau" or "The Forty Five." Apart from the mere thrill and surface brilliance of historical duels and colored pageantry they show as no other novelist has ever shown the brief course of love and passion and the terrible and heart-breaking suddenness of death to the brave and the young. They have as much to do with later historical romances with happy endings and schoolboy heroics as Wagner's "Die Walküre" has to do with Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable."

It is, therefore, a matter of supreme satisfaction that one may announce the publication of "The Years Between," undertaken with the consent of the Dumas heirs. In his own day there were the accredited collaborators who tried in their own way to continue or rival the work of the master and with deplorable creations. There have been endless and shameless imitators; but there has never been so successful and so genuine an imitation as the work of M. Feval and M. Lassez, who fill the gap of twenty years between "The Three Musketeers" and "Twenty Years After" with the reappearance of D'Artagnan and Richelieu and the Duchess of Chevreuse and Anne of Austria, and with the added delight of Cyrano de Bergerac. A mysterious cavalier serves as the excuse for the tale, but as in all Dumas the lives of the great fill the breath-taking scene and the dialogue sparkles like a silver river. The authors have worked with a special reverence; and thereby they have served a master rather than a usurer. No one can be Dumas except the great Dumas; and yet they have come close enough to fill the heart with joy and set it pounding like hoof-beats down a road at midnight.

DONALD DOUGLAS

Ecce Homo

Napoleon the Man. By R. McNair Wilson. The Century Company. $5.

HEARKEN unto the new Gospel, oh, ye simple and ye who are free from guile. From a saintly mother's womb untimely ripped, the new Messiah was born to set men free. In earliest infancy he manifested a naive and self-sacrificing spirit. In his youth his wisdom astonished the priests of the temple such as Raynal and Mirabeau. He grew up strong in the love of good and in the hate of evil. Enemies and devils beset him on all sides—Paoli, Danton, Robespierre, Carnot, George III—but they were wicked or stupid men who could not contaminate the soul that burned with the love of liberty. Nay, verily, he but heaped coals of fire upon their undeserving heads. Magdalens, too, there were to tempt him and sometimes, alas, he yielded, but only to rise cleansed and nobler in spirit. Thus he lived his life for the Revolution and the Rights of Man. Talleyrand was his Judas. Elba was his Gethsemane. St. Helena was his Calvary. But in 1840 came the Resurrection of the Man [*sic!*], and in 1918 the policy of the Man triumphed in Europe.

Unbelievers will say that even the Synoptics of the new Passion were conscious artificers of a new hagiolatry; and scoffers will maintain that in this particular Bible of Bonapartism there is much besides that is apocryphal. Infidels will claim that there is a significant omission, an error, a misstatement, or a misinterpretation on almost every page. They are but "enemies" or "hands which oppress," mere minions of "King Mob" or the "Glittering Beings," Pharisees and sinners. *Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! His truth is marching on!*

LOUIS R. GOTTSCHALK

The Analysis of Children

Introduction to the Technic of Child Analysis. By Anna Freud. Translation supervised by L. Pierce Clark. Nervous and Mental Disease Publishing Company. $1.50.

IN 1922 a young man of nineteen, then visiting Vienna with his father, was urged to visit Freud in gratitude for what the professor had done for him. The university student was amazed to discover that he was the boy whose phobia has become famous and whose analysis has become a classic under the title "The Analysis of a Phobia in a Five-Year-Old Boy." The young man's early experience and malady had passed from recollection into the limbo of his unconscious. It is only another instance of the amnesia that covers this early period to which Professor Freud has called attention and upon which his significant contributions are based.

Frau Melanie Klein has made valuable contributions in this field and Dr. Eichorn has applied his knowledge in the juvenile courts of Vienna. But the first book on the subject of child analysis has been written by Anna Freud, the professor's daughter, with true Freudian clarity, simplicity, and profundity. This small volume contains four lectures read before the Vienna Psychoanalytic Society. It is therefore technical in the sense that it covers the whole field of psychoanalytic technique, but

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at the same time it will be of inestimable value to parents, educators, psychologists, and psychoanalysts.

Anna Freud describes ten cases in which she deemed it necessary to use analysis; she suggests a criterion for its use, comparing her method with that of Frau Klein of Berlin and with that used in adult analysis. The "Dresseur" period, preparatory to the actual analysis, aims to create the conditions necessary for an adult analysis, namely: (1) Insight into one's illness; (2) confidence in the analysis or the analyst; and (3) a desire to use this method as a therapy from inner motives instead of outer ones.

The second theme, the method of child analysis with relation to the four fundamental psychoanalytic aids—conscious memory to give the history of the case, dream interpretation, free association, and the transference-situation—occupies the remainder of the book. The child's dreams are not as simple as those cited in "The Interpretation of Dreams." The method of verbal association creates difficulties but the child makes amends by rich day-fantasies and drawings.

The transference-situation about which the analysis hinges, with all the social and family implications which it necessarily involves, is discussed from both a practical and a theoretical viewpoint. Whereas the adult gives up the old object of his fantasy, his parents, and builds a new one around the analyst, the child considers the parents an organic part of itself. The analytic situation is therefore a reality. Child-analysis involves the education of the child simultaneously with the analysis, and the education of the parents simultaneously with that of the child. Where the environment is inflexible it becomes a problem of changing a sick neurotic child into a rebellious one—which may have its advantages for the sickness but not for the social organization.

The numerous instances of children's dreams, their reactions to the analysis, the actual problems which Anna Freud met and the explanation of the way she solved them, and the discussion of the theoretical problems concerning education from the point of view of the child, society, and the home all clarify and enliven this little book and make it delightful reading. It is a genuinely important contribution to our efforts in child study.

ROSETTA HURWITZ

Books in Brief

Mind and Body. By Hans Driesch. The Dial Press. $3.

Not the least interesting pages of this volume comprise the bibliography of Professor Driesch's 110 articles and books, prepared by his translator, Theodore Besterman. It will help readers of this first American edition of "Leib und Seele" to appreciate that its author's researches justify in a sense his right to speculate, if not his right to say that "behaviorism as a mechanistic theory is pure dogmatism." Professor Driesch attempts a refutation of the theory of psychophysical parallelism. He is more successful in this undertaking, through long acquaintance with the problem, than he can expect to be in another end to which this volume is dedicated: "to bring American psychology, so well developed along experimental lines, upon a truly philosophical platform." Here he is not so well acquainted with the problem.

Ozark Fantasia. By Charles J. Finger. Compiled and Edited by Charles Morrow Wilson. Fayetteville, Arkansas: The Golden Horseman Press. $2.50.

The editor of *All's Well*, which is the successor to *Reedy's Mirror*, appears in this miscellany as a man with a warm, appreciative mind fed not merely from local Arkansas springs but from a river of experience which has swept him round the world. A far traveler and an author of many books about travelers and rogues, he has settled down in the Ozarks to look at the hills, receive distinguished visitors, and describe them, meditate, moralize, and amuse himself. Mr. Finger emerges a various and likable man, if not a very critical one.

The New Reformation. By Michael Pupin. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

Seven narratives reporting the realities of human experience, passing in consideration "from physical to spiritual realities." Professor Pupin admits that "abstract philosophical discussions are foreign to the thoughts which guide these narratives." And oh! the increasing truth of this as one passes from the physical to the spiritual!

Letters of Richard Wagner. Selected and Edited by Wilhelm Altmann. Translated from the German by M. M. Bozman. E. P. Dutton and Company. Two volumes. $10.

Wagner's "Mein Leben" is notoriously unreliable; and it has been available only in a version censored by his family and terminated at the year 1864. His letters are more revealing; but the only collection available until now stops at 1850. The present collection is intended to remedy these defects, and to have Wagner tell, with as much honesty as he is capable of, his story of his life, particularly of his development as a creative artist. Even this collection includes letters which have been tampered with by the Wagner family; and the editor recommends a revision of the texts according to the original manuscripts, which he has not attempted.

Our Ancient Liberties. By Leon Whipple. H. W. Wilson Company. $1.50.

What were the liberties of our forefathers to which we so often appeal? Where did they come from, and what were they worth in practice? Mr. Whipple considers realistically the English origins and American contributions to civil liberties and then examines in some detail the intent and practical meaning of the amendments to the federal Constitution which make up our American Bill of Rights. The Puritans come off somewhat less black than Mr. H. L. Mencken customarily paints them. The book is well written and genuinely illuminating. It is philosophically more satisfactory than the author's larger case record published under the title "The Story of Civil Liberties in the United States," which we have previously reviewed. Judge Julian W. Mack contributes a thoughtful introduction which embodies Judge Brandeis's already famous exposition and defense of civil liberty in the case of Whitney *vs.* California.

Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians. Third Edition. Edited by H. C. Colles. The Macmillan Company. Five volumes. $37.50.

The second edition of this work, for the most part, corrected errors of plan and scope. In the present edition there has necessarily been much revision and replacement of old material; and with new articles to give the results of recent investigation and thought on matters old as well as new, the work is complete and representative of contemporary knowledge and opinion about music, and another feather in the much-adorned cap of English musicology.

Gravestones of Early New England. By Harriette Merrifield Forbes. Houghton Mifflin Company. $12.50.

A thorough study, with many illustrations, of the subject which "Old Mortality" once made interesting for the readers of Sir Walter.

The Appreciation of Music. By Roy Dickinson Welch. Harper and Brothers. $2.

This book belongs among the good ones of its kind. But its kind is not the best for its purpose. As compared with the spoken word which explains and names things as they are heard, the written word throws the burden of correlation upon the listener who is presumed not to have the experience and knowledge needed for such correlation. The ideal book, therefore, would consist of a certain number of compositions with

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detailed annotations. This book, however, contents itself with enough quotation to illustrate certain definitions and remarks, which, in turn, it applies to compositions that can be heard by means of reproducing instruments, and the effect of which is less to facilitate experience than to name it, since many of the remarks can be correlated with details of the compositions only after these details have been grasped by the listener himself.

Parson Weems of the Cherry Tree. By Harold Kellock. The Century Company. $2.

A gracefully written biography of Mason Locke Weems, who one hundred years ago was "doing" the lives of national heroes and saving the morals of a new nation with pious tracts. Mr. Kellock has sufficiently little respect for Weems's "antic moralities," but he has worked with a sort of affection for the eccentric yet ingenious old man; and his book, like Weems's themselves for that matter, makes very good reading.

Music

The Bach Festival

FOR the twenty-second Festival of the Bach Choir at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, held on May 11 and 12, the chorus of three hundred townsfolk gave their usual deeply felt and dramatic performance of the colossal Mass in B-Minor. To supplement this annual event, Dr. J. Fred. Wolle this year presented a group of chorales and cantatas calculated to show Bach at the height of his powers, ranging from the Magnificat, composed for Bach's first Christmas in his final post as cantor at Leipzig, to the chorale prelude which was his last composition.

The two days of this unique festival are a plunge into the stream of life-force in its broadest and deepest flow. To a person whose muscle tone is poor the force will be almost overwhelming. In other moods, when one can breast the stream and be carried sweepingly on with it, the end of the last concert drops one back into a world that seems static, fixed, hard. Those who have gone to Bethlehem during many Mays find increasingly in this music a contact with the primal energy of the universe: the staid chapel of Lehigh University houses for this occasion a festival of Mithras, the god of light.

This sense of a tremendous power, of an undiminishing sun-momentum, is enhanced by looking back beyond the works sung at Bethlehem in 1928 to the more than fifty larger choral compositions which the choir has sung and sung again in previous years. And then picture the circumstances in which this music was written! As cantor at Leipzig, Bach taught music (and Latin) at two schools, directed the music at the two chief churches, supervised the music and the maintenance and repair of the organs at two others, and provided music for important weddings and funerals. His relations with the local court and the townspeople called for the continuous production of instrumental and secular works; for his pupils and family he produced endless compositions for the clavier. It is not surprising that by the time Bach came to Leipzig his first wife, who had borne him seven children, had given way in exhaustion to a second, who was to bear him thirteen more.

The Magnificat, sung this year at Bethlehem, dates, as I have said, from Bach's first year at Leipzig. To celebrate his appointment as cantor, Bach signalized every important church holiday during that year with a new choral work of large proportions. His biographer assigns eighteen major sacred works to that period, including the St. John passion music. Let me complete this recital by citing the fact that this astounding man wrote five complete "year books" of church cantatas for all the Sundays and holidays—over 260 of them while at Leipzig.

I am not trying to paint a picture of the Bach Nobody Knows; nor to make a contrast with these more degenerate days. But it seems worth while to remind ourselves, in trying to fathom the power of Bach's work, that it was part of the rich and full life of a man adjusted to the world, to affairs, to the family. Here is no Adlerian organ inferiority, no neurotic escape from life by a man unable to cope with his environment. I do not maintain that every father of twenty children is destined to be a great composer; but I do say that music so pulsating with life-force would be less likely to come from those maladjustments sometimes felt to be the almost necessary concomitants of genius.

Nor does it, to my mind, weaken this view that the choruses which Bach composed in December in honor of a newly ennobled princeling became in May the sacred cantata, "Freue dich, erlöste Schar," just sung at Bethlehem. And if the Magnificat is modeled closely upon one by Bach's predecessor in office as cantor, we have said no more than that Shakespeare's "As You Like It" resembles suspiciously Lodge's "Rosalynde." The firmly grounded Bach could absorb another's work into himself without self-consciousness.

It must have been an unusual pleasure for Dr. Wolle to present as soloists this year two young women fresh from the accolade of the Metropolitan Opera House, both of whom grew out of the environment in which the Bach Choir flourishes, and one of whom had for some years sung in the choir. One need hardly say that Miss Flexer and Miss Lerch sang sympathetically; their voices were flexible and fresh. Mr. Tittmann, who has been bass soloist for some years, still thinks that because this is church music it should be sung solemnly and heavily. I must say on his behalf that the unfortunate English translations which Dr. Wolle uses disguise effectively the drama of the narrative, which was unquestionably very real to Bach, with the naive but vigorous realism of some medieval wood-carving or primitive. Thus, in one of the bass solos the words are: "Ich will nun hassen und alles lassen was Dir, mein Gott, zuwider ist." The soft accompaniment is punctuated by three trumpet blasts at the word "hassen," which should be hissed powerfully at the devil. This is admittedly difficult with the English rendering: "I'm now detesting, myself divesting of all things which my God offend."

It is pleasant to carry away as a final memory of this year's festival Bach's last composition, a poignant chorale prelude hummed softly by the body of the choir against the sopranos giving forth the old hymn around which it was woven. Rolland pictured almost such an end for his Jean-Christophe. The words of the hymn had begun: "Wenn wir in höchsten Nöthen sein." Bach, on his death-bed, old and blind, dictated the prelude to his son-in-law—but to new words: "Vor Deinen Thron tret' ich hiemit." Surely the life-force surged powerfully in this man.

CHARLES S. ASCHER

Drama

YOUR Aunt Edith from Ulsterville will just adore "Skidding" (Bijou Theater). It's so wholesome and pure. The Pasadena Drama League gave it first prize; and why not? It includes Father, the honest judge ("a fool, but a game one"); Mother, who stirs up home-made bread and has a tart tongue; Aunt Milly (who says "I'd have given the world to have a child of my own"); Grandpa, who makes the wedding shoes with his own hands; Estelle, who wants to go into politics, and Wayne, the handsome rich young man who tells Estelle that the home is the place for his woman; the girl whose husband never takes her out, and her sister, whose husband never wants to stay home; and an impudent young brother straight out of a comic strip. The odd part of it is that despite the torrent of mother love, father love, puppy love, sister hate, and the floods of kissing of all virtuous kinds, the play is really amusing.

L. S. G.

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Rejected by New York producers, Eugene O'Neill's "Lazarus Laughed" has been done by the Community Players in Pasadena, California, and with distinction. "Lazarus" is a dramatic miracle play on a vast scale, and like "The Great God Brown" makes use of masks. Powerfully set against the background of the New Testament and the Roman empire, the play is resonant throughout with the heroic laughter of Lazarus, returned from "death," who understands and accepts the universal scheme and says "yes" to life. P. G. S.

The irrepressible, irresistible "Grand Street Follies" (Booth Theater) is here with us again. This time it is Trader Horn who is led about to review the foibles of the year, and he is a no more enchanted spectator than the hard-boiled New Yorkers who accompany him. When he is told that the gold-domed building before him is the New York *World*, he comments "Oh, that very liberal newspaper—the paper which gave Heywood Broun to *The Nation*"! And then on he goes to see among other things "Coquette" transformed into a musical comedy; "Porgy" and "The Doctor's Dilemma" happily combined in a farce; "Strange Interlude," a timely travesty on politics; and, sporting about the steps of the Forty-second Street Library with Moissi as Romeo (played by Albert Carroll) and Mae West as Juliet (played by Dorothy Sands), "Romeo and Juliet" retaining the best features of Shakespeare and Reinhardt! M. G.

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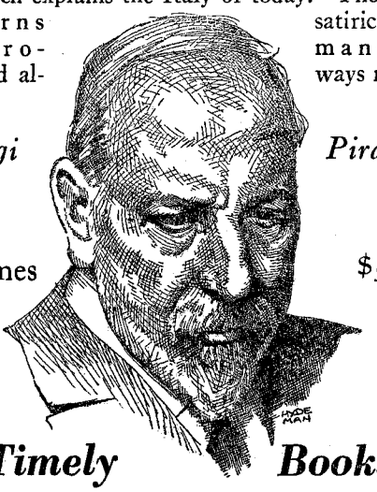

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International Relations Section

Poland and Lithuania

By EMIL LENGYEL

ON December 10, 1927, Marshal Pilsudski and Professor Waldemaras, dictators of Poland and Lithuania, met in the council-room of the League of Nations to compose the differences of their countries. The League had invited them to come to Geneva as the result of the fear felt throughout Europe that Poland was about to occupy Lithuania.

Ten years after the termination of hostilities on the Eastern front, Poland and Lithuania still maintained a state of war. Barbed wire and No Man's Land separated the two countries. For several miles near the boundary the railway tracks were torn up and the telegraph wires were severed. The Berlin-Riga-Petrograd train had to be detoured in order to avoid Lithuania. Lithuania had become a traffic obstruction. Finally the Great Powers, impatient of the filibustering of the two countries, demanded a speedy and radical change of policy.

The Quai d'Orsay hinted that the cordiality of Franco-Polish relations would be seriously jeopardized by Poland's failure to reestablish normal relations with Lithuania—the sooner the better. At the same time Downing Street intimated to its protegee, Lithuania, that it expected an end to the so-called war. The game had gone too far and the European balance was in danger of being upset.

Seated at the conference table of the League Secretariat's building on the Quai de Wilson in Geneva, Marshal Pilsudski abruptly turned to Professor Waldemaras: "Do you want war or peace?" "Peace!" "Then I shall telegraph to Warsaw to have the bells rung and the Te Deum sung in the churches."

As a result of this dramatic conversation Poland pledged herself unequivocally to recognize Lithuania's sovereignty and Lithuania obligated herself to keep the peace. Returning to Warsaw, Marshal Pilsudski was received with great jubilation. This was considered a triumph for Polish diplomacy. Trade and industry were suffering on account of the unsettled international conditions. Foreign capitalists were reserved and the population was war weary. Besides, Poland could not lose by concluding peace with her northern neighbor. Vilna, the object of the quarrel, was in Polish hands and the return to normal conditions seemed to imply Lithuania's recognition of the accomplished fact.

In order not to disturb the harmony of the conversation, Vilna's name had not even been mentioned. The two prime ministers merely agreed to appoint two commissions, meeting on neutral territory, to discuss the questions involved.

The commissions met in Königsberg, East Prussia, and the beginning of their work was not inauspicious. Representatives of the Great Powers were working incessantly to stimulate a more friendly sentiment between the opposing parties. Jonkheer Beelarts van Blokland, *rapporteur* of the Polish-Lithuanian conflict at the Council of the League, was in constant touch with the two deliberating commissions. The League, anxious to add new achievements to its record, regarded the settlement of the dispute as a test of its strength.

On April 2 the commissions terminated their negotiations. Unfortunately the pressure of the Great Powers and the moderating influence of the League had been of no avail. The deliberations were conducted in an atmosphere surcharged with recriminations. Responsibilities were dodged and shifted. Most of the time was spent in the expression of withering criticism of the policy of the other country. The official communiqué of the Lithuanian Foreign Office, published in the newspapers of Kovno, tells the story of a great diplomatic failure:

> The Polish delegation submitted three proposals concerning the resumption of the local railway, postal, and telegraph services. It proposed, furthermore, to settle the problem of the river Memel according to the convention ratified by the commission headed by Norman H. Davis.
>
> The Lithuanian delegation proposed that the question of indemnity and security resulting from the coup d'etat of Vilna should be included in the agenda. The Polish delegation expressed its willingness to accept this proposal and to negotiate a Treaty of Security with Lithuania.
>
> Lithuania had to reject the other Polish proposals inasmuch as their acceptance would have implied the recognition of the occupation of the Vilna territory.
>
> Concerning the passage of persons and goods between Kovno and Warsaw the Polish delegation recommended the establishment of a so-called "neighborly regime" which would dispense with visas and frontier passes. The Lithuanian delegation was not in a position to accept this proposal which would have been equivalent with its renouncing all control over Lithuania's commerce with the occupied territory.
>
> In connection with the proposed Treaty of Security the Lithuanian commission suggested the demilitarization of the occupied territory or of a wide belt along the line of demarcation.

Finally, the bi-national commission agreed to propose the appointment of three other commissions. The main commission, which will deal with questions relating to security and indemnity, is meeting in Königsberg, East Prussia. The economic commission is meeting in Warsaw, and the commission on communications is deliberating in Berlin. In case of serious disagreement in one of the commissions a plenary meeting will be arranged in Königsberg. At the end of the communiqué the Lithuanian Foreign Office remarks that "it is expected that the negotiations will last a considerable time."

Commenting on the result of the Königsberg conference, Professor Waldemaras remarked:

> The opening of the frontier and the reestablishment of a direct rail, postal, and telegraph service would affect vitally our diplomatic aims. The problem is all the more difficult of solution because both Lithuania and Poland maintain that the population of Vilna consists largely of their own nationals. Until this question is settled the frontier regulations concerning the passage of persons cannot be changed. . . . At present, since nobody is allowed to pass the frontier, there is no need for a railway, postal, and telegraph service.

While it is certain that in the Vilna question it was Poland which, with the connivance of the League of Nations, started the trouble it is equally certain that there could be nothing more unwise than Lithuania's insistence that she will maintain the present state of war until Vilna is ceded back to her. The situation is not much better than

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it was before the December meeting of the League of Nations. A state of war still prevails on the Polish-Lithuanian frontier. Lithuania is hermetically closed to the west with the railway lines torn up on the south and the telegraph service still severed.

The dictator of Lithuania, Professor Waldemaras, is mainly responsible for the impasse in Polish-Lithuanian relations. He and Antona Smetona, President of Lithuania, seized power in December, 1926, and set up a military dictatorship on a program opposed to the allegedly pro-Polish policy of the government then in power. He would betray the cardinal point of his program if he were to inaugurate a less irreconcilable policy. Thanks to Waldemaras and his henchmen, Lithuania has replaced Poland as the nuisance of Europe.

Bulgaria Today

By STOYAN OMARTCHEVSKY

Translated by Theodore Geshkoff

BULGARIA was recently rocked by a terrific earthquake, and, for the first time since the Turkish atrocities more than half a century ago, the Bulgarian people drew upon themselves universal sympathy. The material damages resulting from the earthquake are enormous. According to an official estimation, about 300,000 people in my own constituency are without shelter, and property worth about $20,000,000 was destroyed. This represents a crushing burden which the Bulgarian National Assembly has attempted to meet by adding 20 per cent to all the direct taxes. But this is not enough. Foreign and, especially, American aid for the earthquake sufferers is needed.

"Every evil for good," says a Bulgarian proverb. And there is at least one bright spot in the dark scene of that disaster. The Jugoslavs, the Bulgarians' nearest neighbors and kinsmen, with whom relations have not been cordial, were the first to express sympathy with the earthquake victims and to send help from outside. This gives ground for hope that the hideous memories of 1885 and of 1913 and of the World War will be wiped out and brotherhood between the Serbians and the Bulgarians will prevail. It is well known that an understanding between the Serbians and the Bulgarians is a condition precedent for peace in the Balkans.

The Bulgarians want peace; they are horrified and tired of wars. The foreign policy of Bulgaria since the World War has been directed to establishing friendly relations with all other nations, great and small, and especially with Bulgaria's neighbors. The Bulgarian Government—whatever party it has represented—has aimed, through diplomatic and legal channels, to obtain certain alleviations of the unbearable burden imposed by the peace treaty. It is essential for the life of Bulgaria that the war indemnity, the so-called reparations, be wiped out or at least postponed.

But what is the political situation in Bulgaria? The Cabinet of Alexander Stambulisky, in which I held the portfolio of Minister of Education, governed Bulgaria from October 6, 1919, to June 9, 1923. It came into power by strictly constitutional and parliamentary means after the general election in August, 1919, when our Peasant Party (*Zemledelskia Saüze*) obtained a majority of seats in the

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National Assembly. It was, however, overthrown by a midnight military coup and the country was thus plunged into a bloody civil war. What has happened in Bulgaria since the coup is too well known. Premier Stambulisky and four of his colleagues were done away with; the rest of the Peasant Ministers, including myself, were held a long time in prison and then were brought before the District Court of Sofia, charged with high treason. The court, of course, acquitted us; and the Court of Cassation, the highest Bulgarian court, later affirmed the acquittal. Thus the Bulgarian courts proved their independence. Yet the presiding judge of the Sofia District Court, Mr. Peter Popoff, soon after our acquittal, was dismissed from office on account of old age, the Bulgarian law permitting dismissal of a judge after he attains the age of sixty.

The avowed purpose of those who overthrew the Stambulisky Government was to annihilate the Peasant Party. All their efforts, however, were in vain. The general election held in November, 1923, after the ruthless suppression of two popular risings, gave to the Peasant Party, which had previously been proclaimed dead, 30 seats (out of the total membership of 245) in the National Assembly; in the previous National Assembly the Peasant Party controlled 212 seats and in the present Assembly it holds 47 seats. Attempts have lately been made to split and demoralize the rank and file of the party, but these attempts, too, will fail.

We, the colleagues and followers of the late Stambulisky, cherish malice toward none, to employ the expression of Abraham Lincoln. Tsanko Bakaloff Tserkovsky, the father of the Bulgarian National Peasant Party, died in March, 1925, after a long stay in prison and after trial and acquittal for treason. His last words addressed to the Peasant Party were to the effect that "no one should even think of revenge."

Our opponents at home have always pointed to our mistakes. They have never given us credit for our achievements. But it is well known that we averted a violent social revolution just after the World War; that we reestablished Bulgaria's prestige abroad; that we obtained a reduction of the war indemnity imposed on the Bulgarian people by the treaty of peace; that during our Peasant regime Bulgaria enjoyed, comparatively speaking, peace and prosperity; and that we gave to the country the best popular government it ever had.

In conclusion, I have only to add that as long as the Bulgarian National Peasant Party is persecuted and kept down by force of arms there will be no internal peace in Bulgaria.

Contributors to This Issue

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